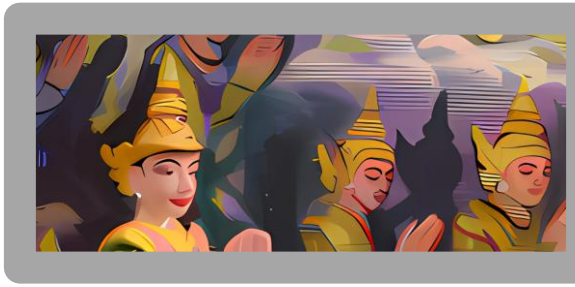
LONE PALM FERRY CASINO
123 South Dhegihan-Siouan Memorial Parkway
Omaha, NE. 68010



THE TEMPESTUOUS
NATURE OF
THE WIND

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"THE TEMPESTUOUS NATURE OF THE WIND"

The elderly monk raised his gaze to the fierce wind that roared through the monastery's expansive courtyard, shaking the branches of the ancient trees with a force that seemed almost alive.
After a prolonged moment of

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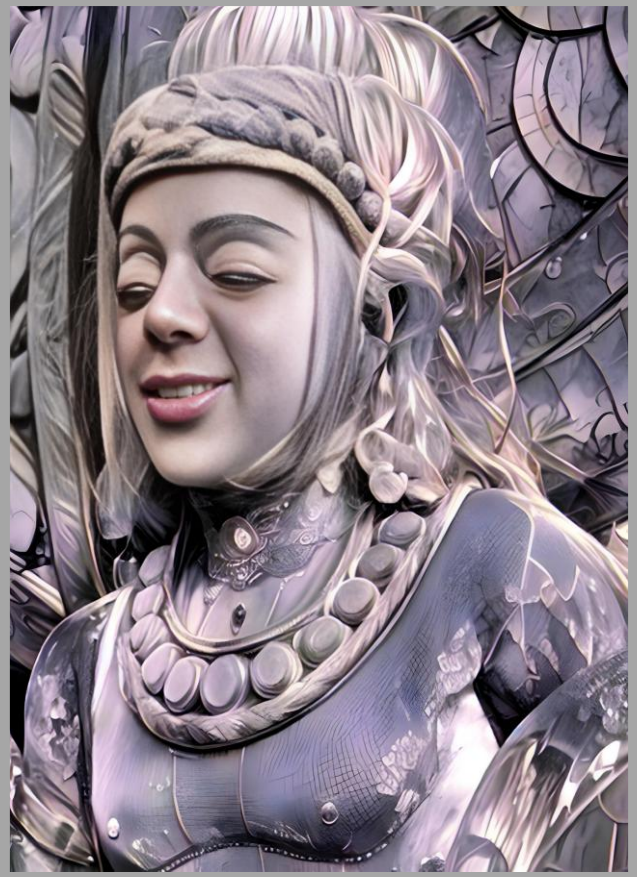
silence that hung heavily in the air, creating an atmosphere thick with contemplation, he finally turned his attention to the gathered assembly of devoted followers. With a thoughtful expression, he remarked on the tempestuous nature of the wind, likening it to a spirited girl—headstrong and untamed, her temperament as volatile as the gusts that swirled around them.

This vivid imagery not only captured the essence of the wind's ferocity but also reflected the monk's deep engagement with his



meditative practice, revealing how he perceived the world around him through a lens of profound reverence and insight. Her most significant shortcomings stem from her ego's profound influence, which led her to erroneously assume the role of justifier for her seemingly impulsive actions before the Council of the True God.
In her quest for validation, she sought a divine judgment that would either affirm her righteousness or, at the very least, result in a split decision in her

favor.
However, she failed to recognize the importance of proper oversight and the necessity of a thoughtful, measured approach in such a sacred context.
This miscalculation not only undermined her credibility but also risked the integrity of the council's deliberations, as she placed her personal ambitions above the collective wisdom and discernment that such a revered assembly demands.
The profound impact of her unwavering mistake, coupled with

the response of the Council of God, has left an indelible mark on the collective psyche of CIS Humanity.

This event, steeped in trauma, resonates through the ages, remaining a poignant reminder of the past even after countless generations have come and gone.

The echoes of this historical misstep continue to reverberate, fostering a sense of bitterness and sorrow that is still acutely felt today.

It serves as a stark reminder of the fragility of trust and the

weight of decisions made in moments of vulnerability, shaping the identity and collective memory of a civilization that cannot easily move beyond its scars.

The legacy of this incident is not merely a footnote in history; it is a living testament to the struggles and resilience of a people who grapple with the shadows of their past while striving for a brighter future.

For countless generations, it has been recounted that the most revered Council of God made a

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decisive choice to erase any trace of her existence from the memories of the descendants of the first CIS-Humans.
This monumental act involved redirecting the primal essence of her transgressions, casting them into the desolate expanse known as the "Fields of Cancellation."
In doing so, they transformed this barren wasteland into a tumultuous sea, where the raw, turbulent emotions of the Wind churned like molten lava.
The once-empty fields now seethe with the remnants of her

forbidden sins, creating a landscape that is both haunting and alive, a testament to the lengths taken to obliterate her legacy.

This vivid imagery serves as a powerful reminder of the Council's determination to reshape history, ensuring that her presence would be nothing more than a whisper lost in the winds of time.

To her profound disappointment, the harsh and divine reaction to her impulsive display of emotional power was

nothing short of devastating.
The very Council of God, which had naively bestowed upon her such formidable abilities, now seemed to turn against her with a vengeance.
In a swift and merciless judgment, a torrential downpour erupted, unleashing a deluge of dark, ominous water that cascaded relentlessly over the desolate plains.
This strange, black liquid, unlike anything she had ever witnessed, transformed the landscape into a scene of chaos and despair,

leaving her to grapple with the consequences of her actions.
The once barren expanse, now drenched in this eerie substance, served as a stark reminder of the weight of her choices and the unpredictable nature of the powers she had so recklessly wielded.
She halted, a heavy weight settling in her chest as she gazed upon the devastation her choices had unleashed upon countless unsuspecting lives.
The realization struck her with a profound intensity: she had acted

without seeking the consent of those affected, disregarding their inherent right to make their own decisions.

In her pursuit of a misguided goal, she had trampled upon the sacred principle of choice, leaving a trail of sorrow and chaos in her wake.

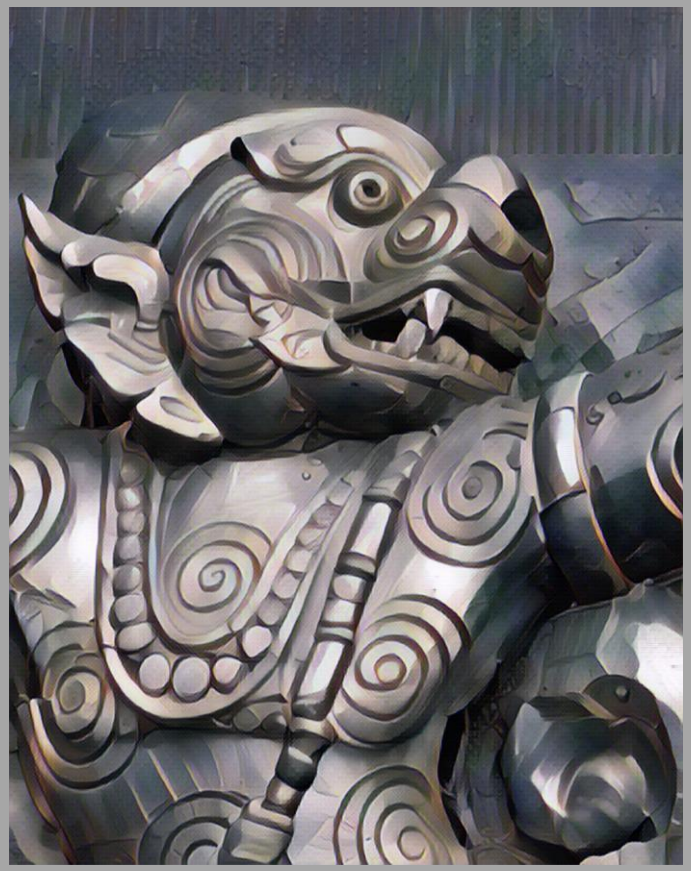
The faces of the innocent flashed before her eyes, each one a reminder of the responsibility she bore, and the moral obligation to consider the impact of her actions on others.

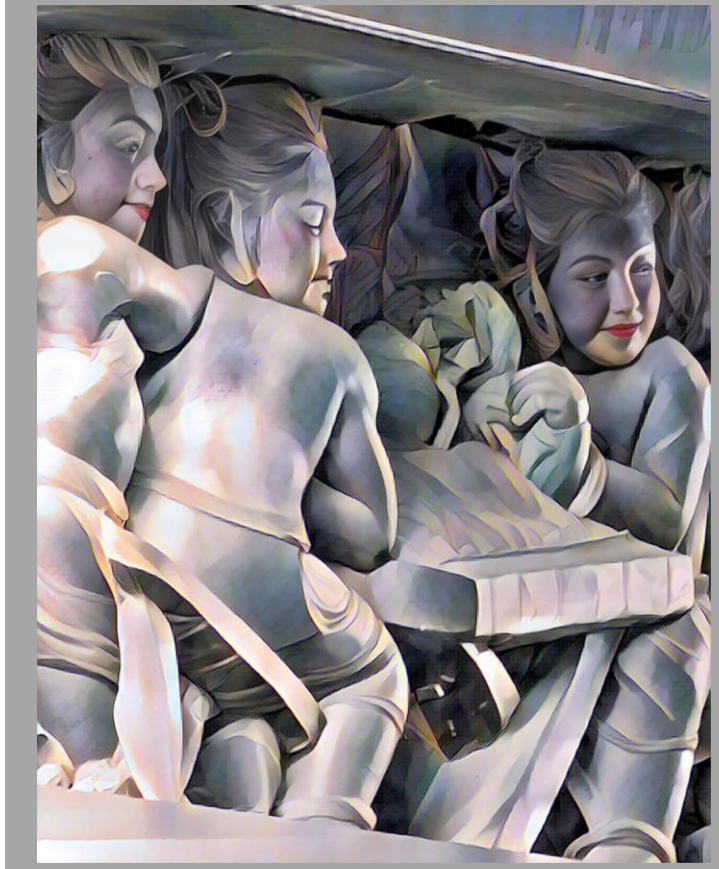
It was a moment of reckoning, a painful acknowledgment that her

sins had not only been her own but had also ensnared the lives of many who had no say in the matter.

It has been posited by many that Rain, lacking the essence of a souled being, was incapable of questioning the injustice inflicted upon countless innocents, nor could it choose to resist its descent.

Thus, the rain cascaded relentlessly from the brooding, twilight clouds that loomed ominously over the arid desert landscape.



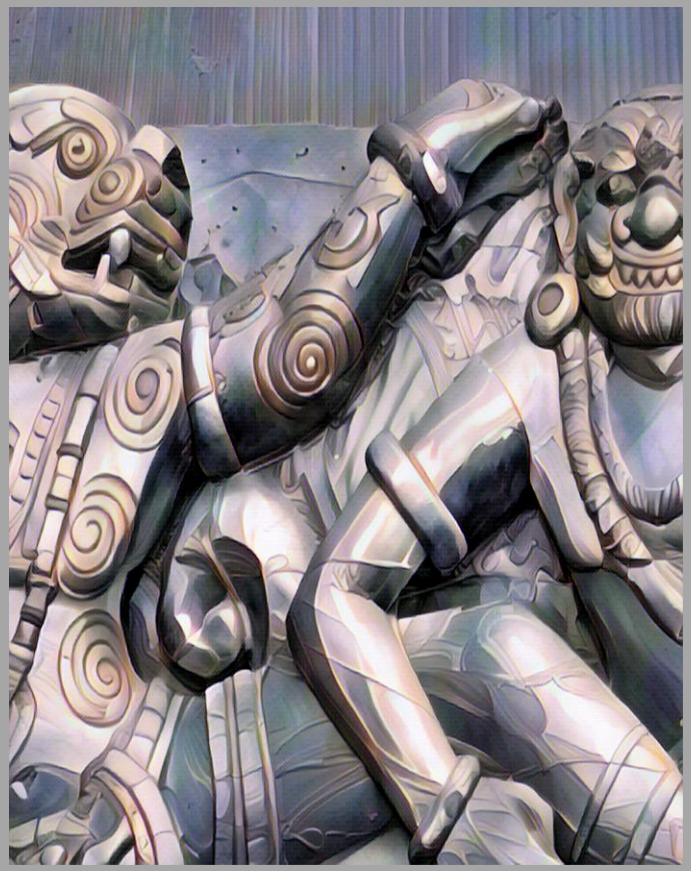


Each droplet, heavy with the weight of unspoken sorrow, fell to the parched earth, transforming the barren terrain into a canvas of life and renewal.

The darkened skies, pregnant with the promise of nourishment, seemed to echo the silent cries of those who suffered, as if the very act of raining was a lament for the misfortunes of the innocent.

At this moment, the rain became a paradox, both a harbinger of hope and a reminder of the relentless forces of nature that operate beyond the realm of

moral judgment.
The rain, infused with the raw emotions of the Wind, cascaded down in heavy droplets, forming puddles that quickly transformed into a vigorous stream.
This current surged forth from the foothills of majestic mountains, shrouded in mist, which seemed to stretch endlessly toward the ethereal fields of heaven.
These towering peaks served as a natural barrier, separating the desolate lands from the fertile expanses of the world's primordial paradise.

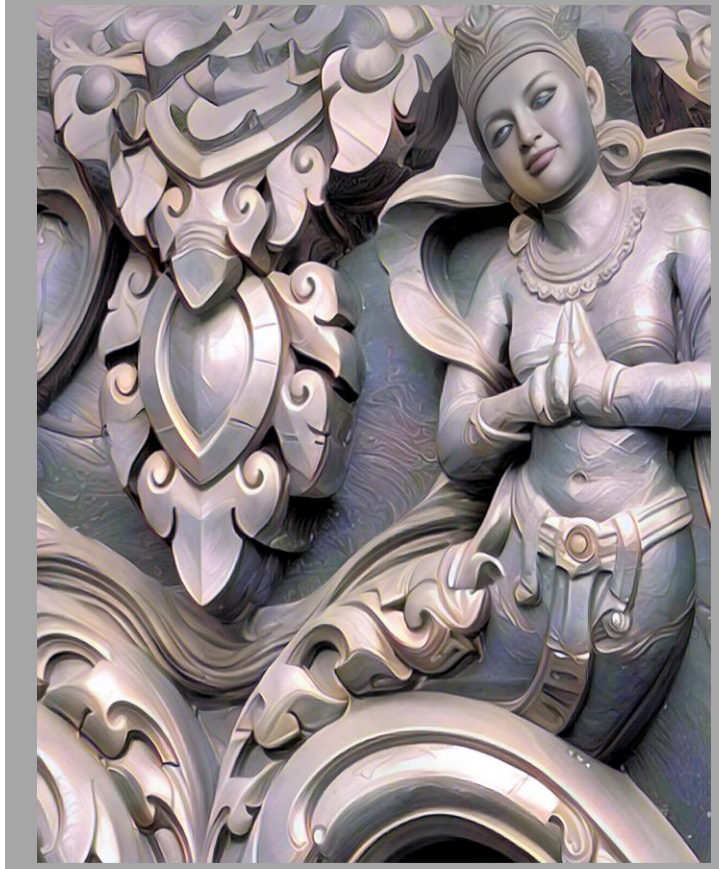


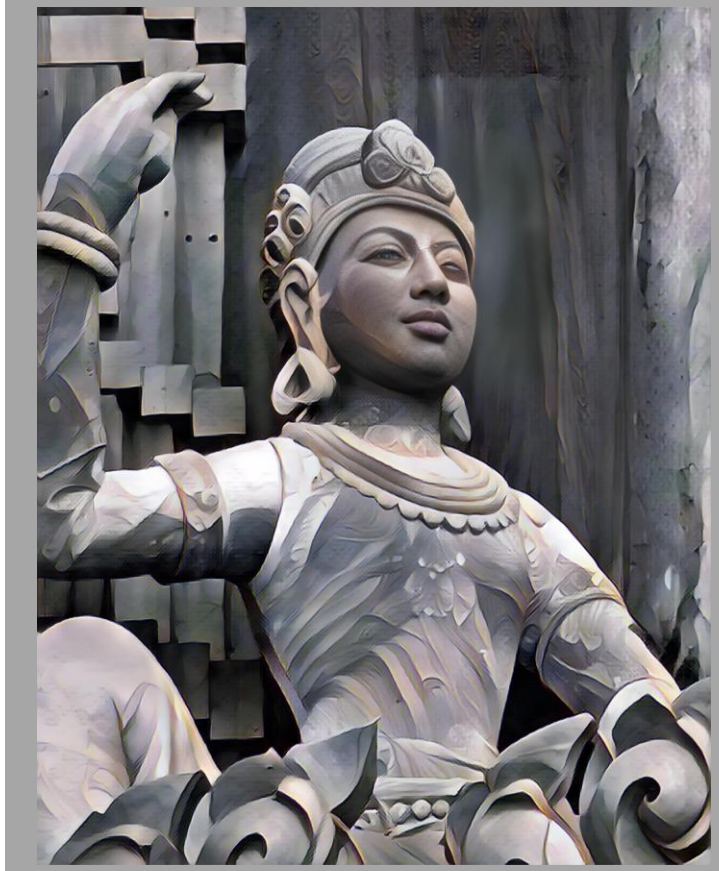
As the water flowed, it carried with it not just the essence of the storm, but also carried away the promise of spiritual renewal and life, which had once been the core factor of the nourishing the earth and bridging the gap between the stark and the bountiful.
When the winds start to howl and ominous storm clouds gather on the horizon, we instinctively retreat to safety, seeking shelter from the impending tempest.
This behavior is deeply rooted in our collective consciousness, a remnant of ancient memories

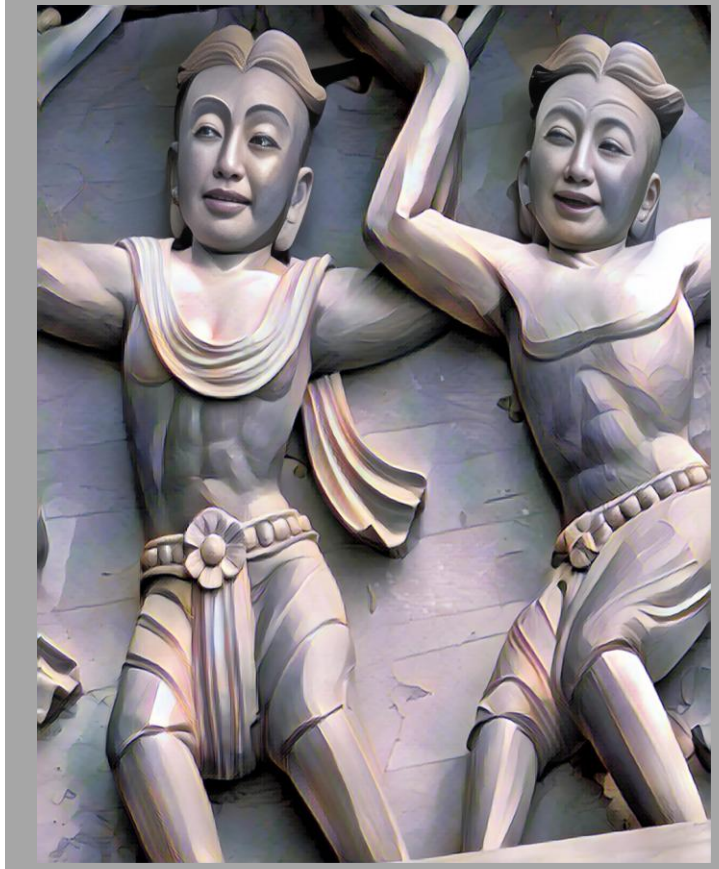
mthat remind us of past trials and tribulations.
We have not entirely forgotten the lessons learned from those turbulent times, nor have we fully forgiven the fears that once gripped our ancestors.
This instinct to hide is not merely a reaction to the physical threat of a storm; it is a profound acknowledgment of our shared history, a testament to the resilience and vulnerability that define the human experience.
In moments of uncertainty, we are drawn to the familiar comforts of

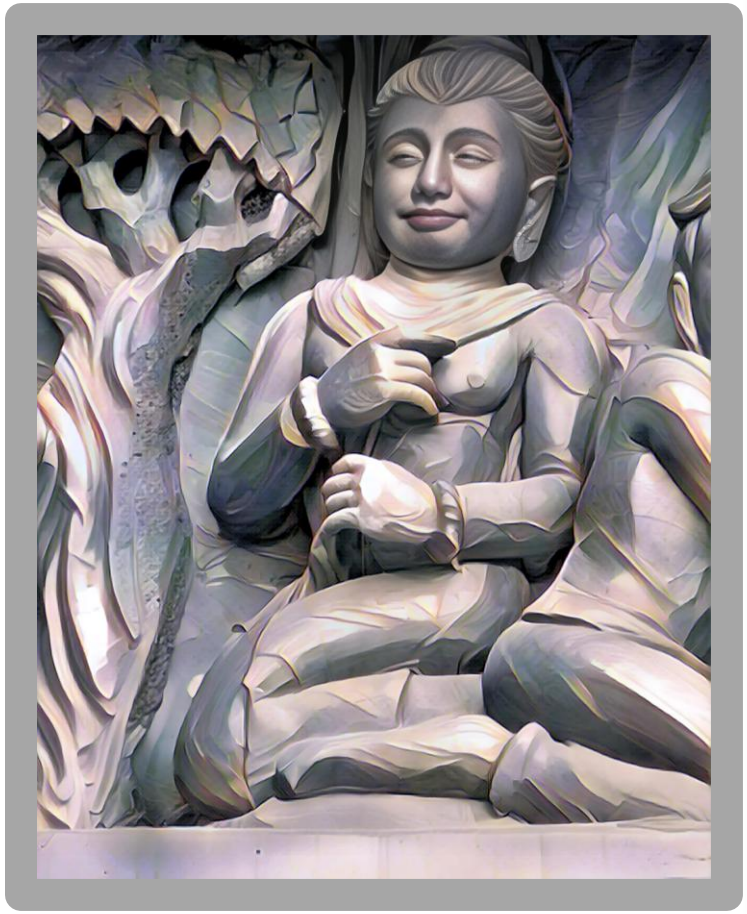
refuge, as we navigate the complexities of our emotions and the echoes of our past.

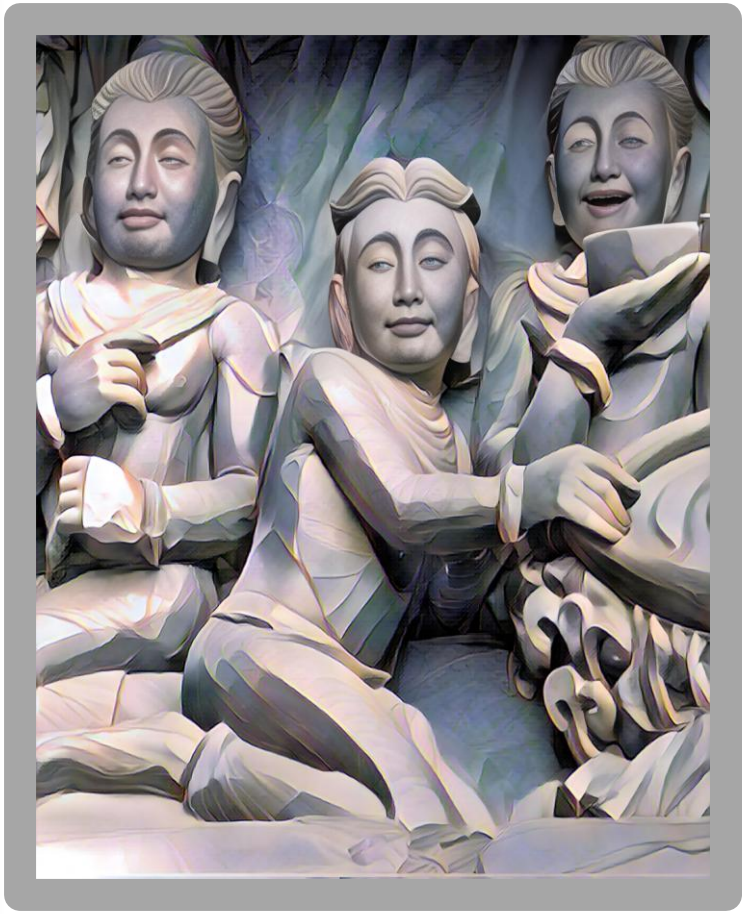
- Emil, 2025

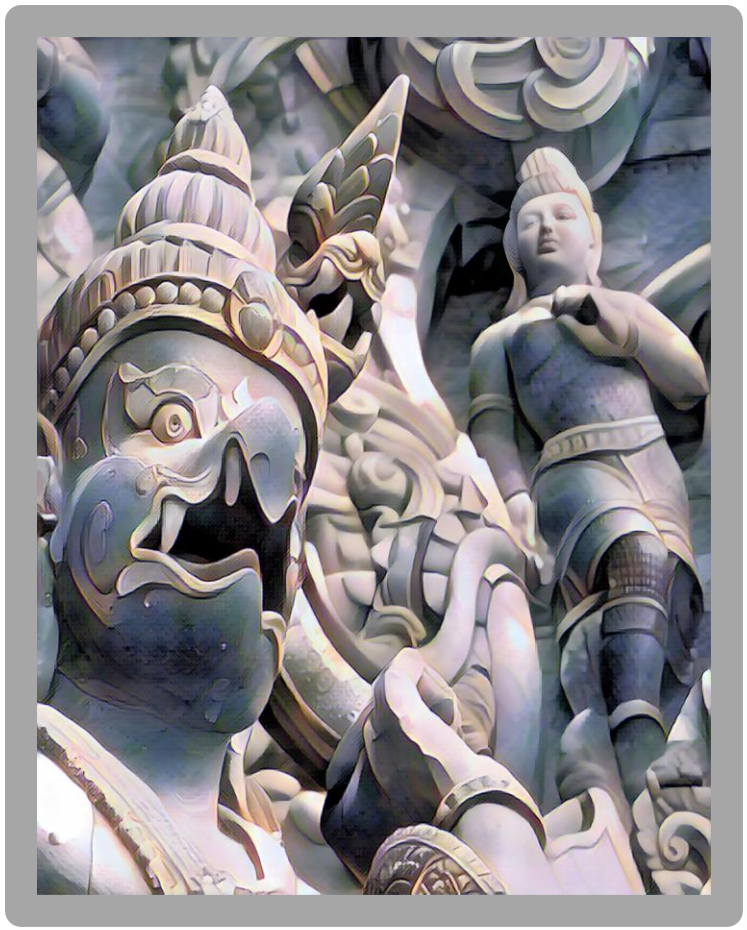


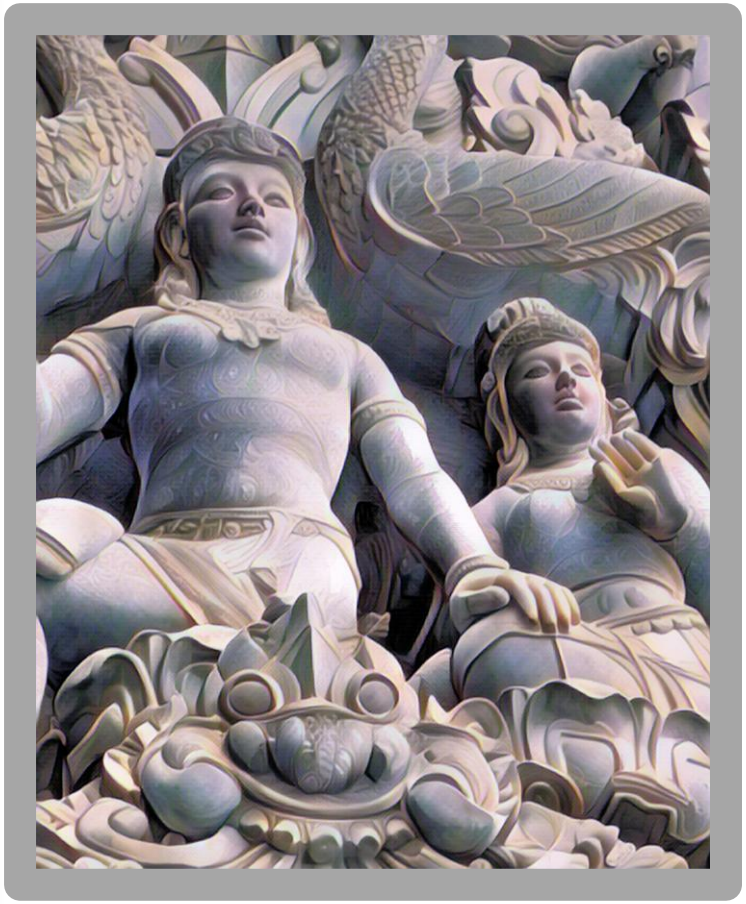


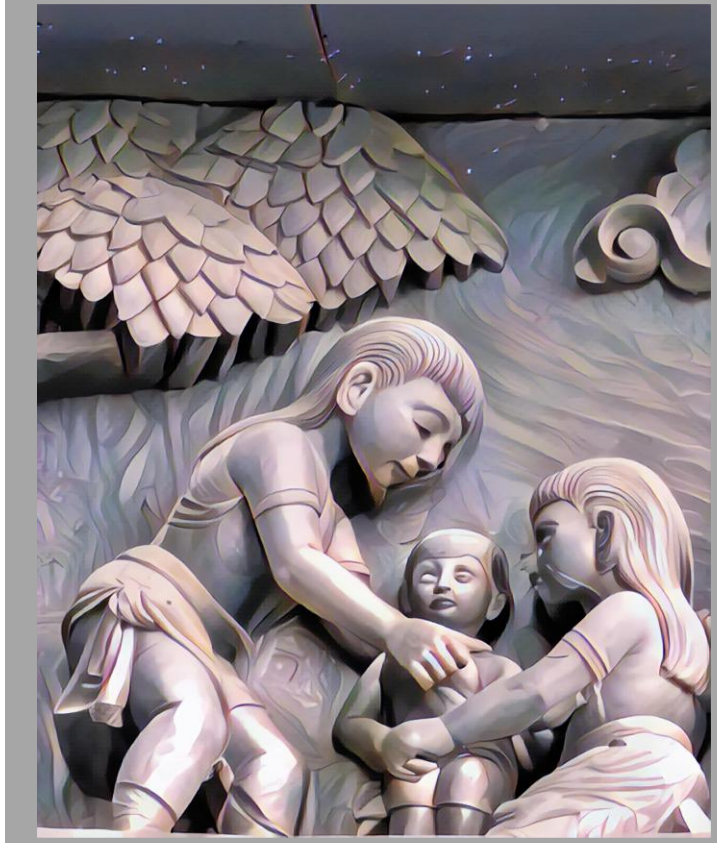


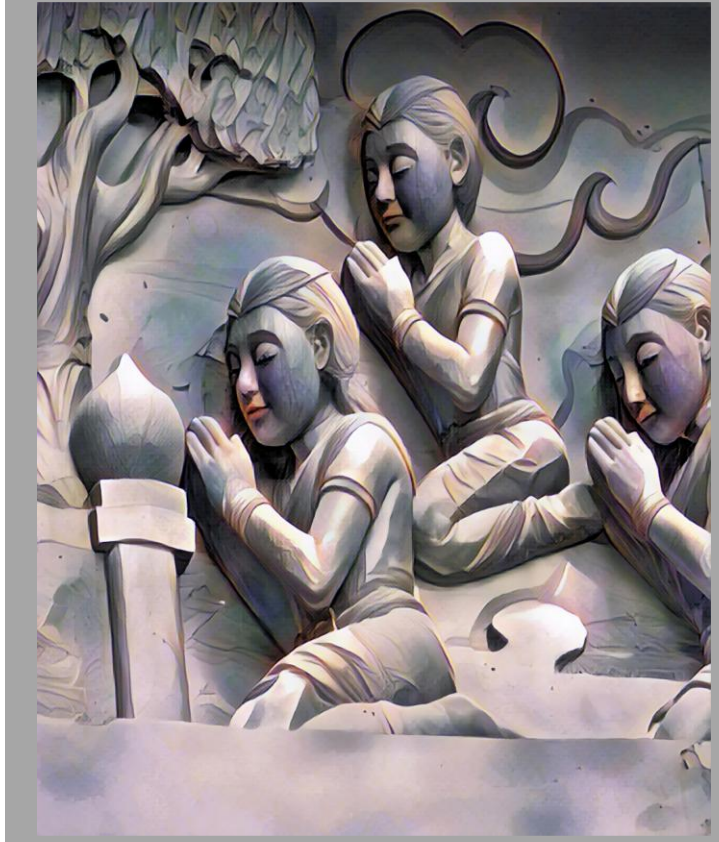


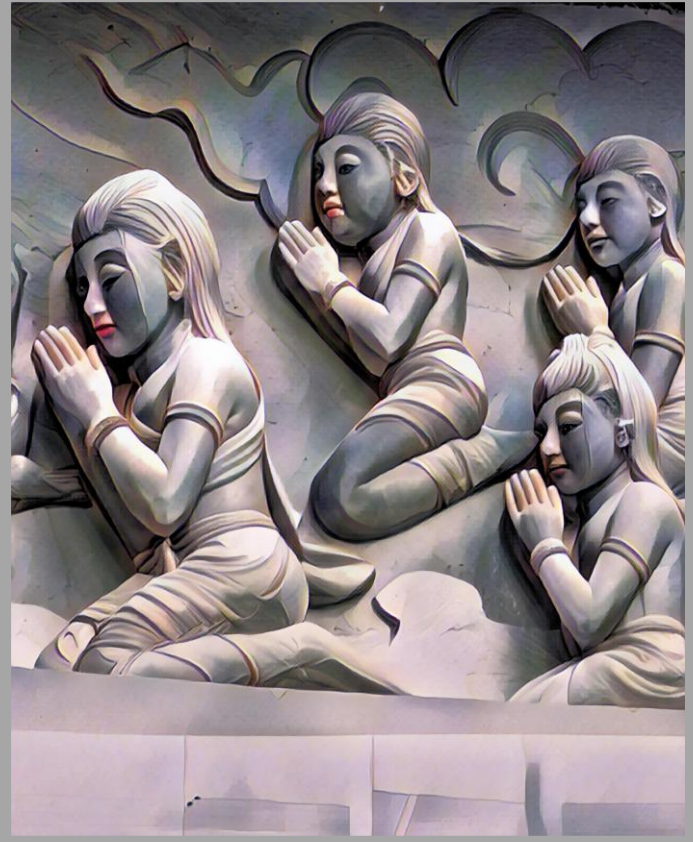


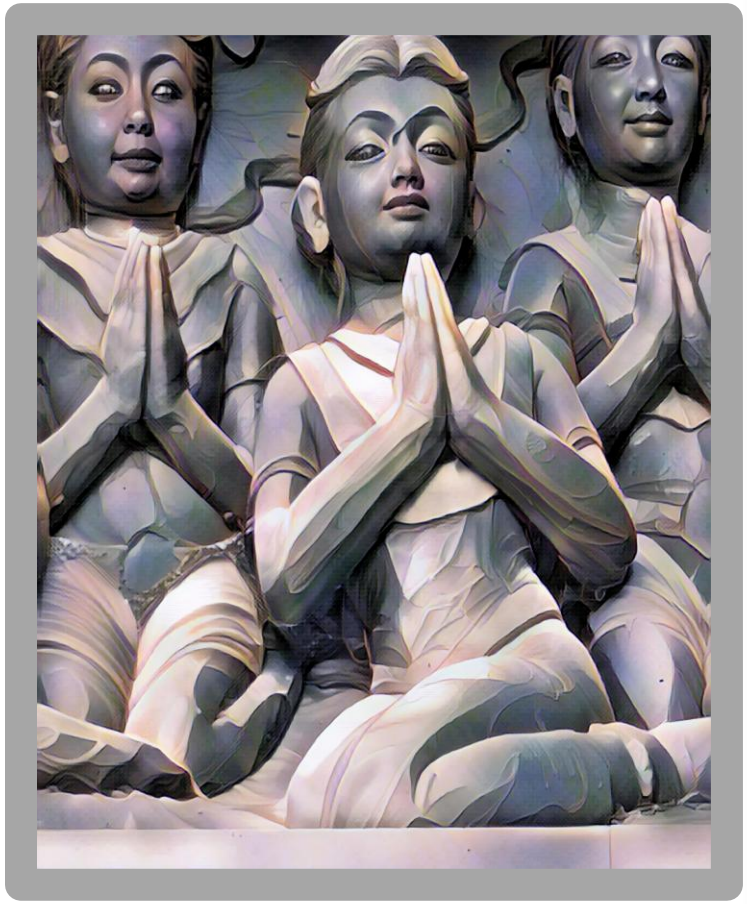


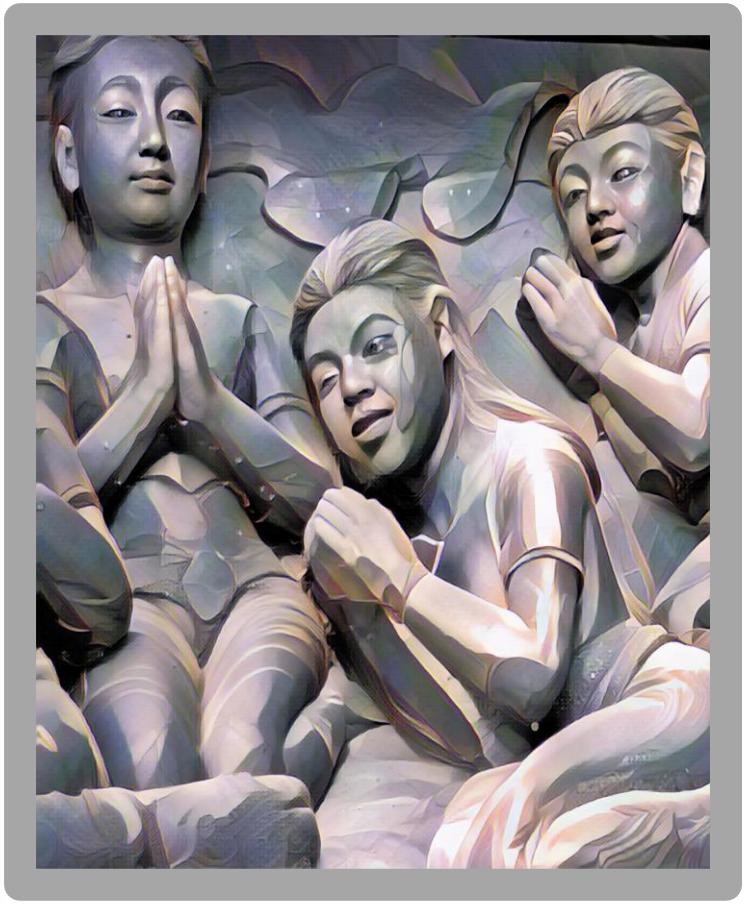


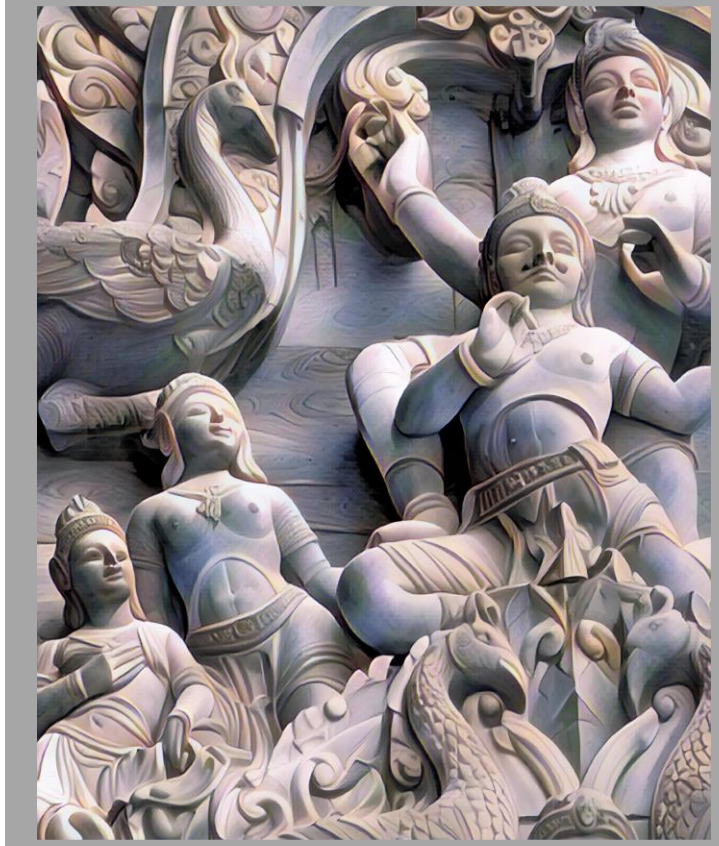


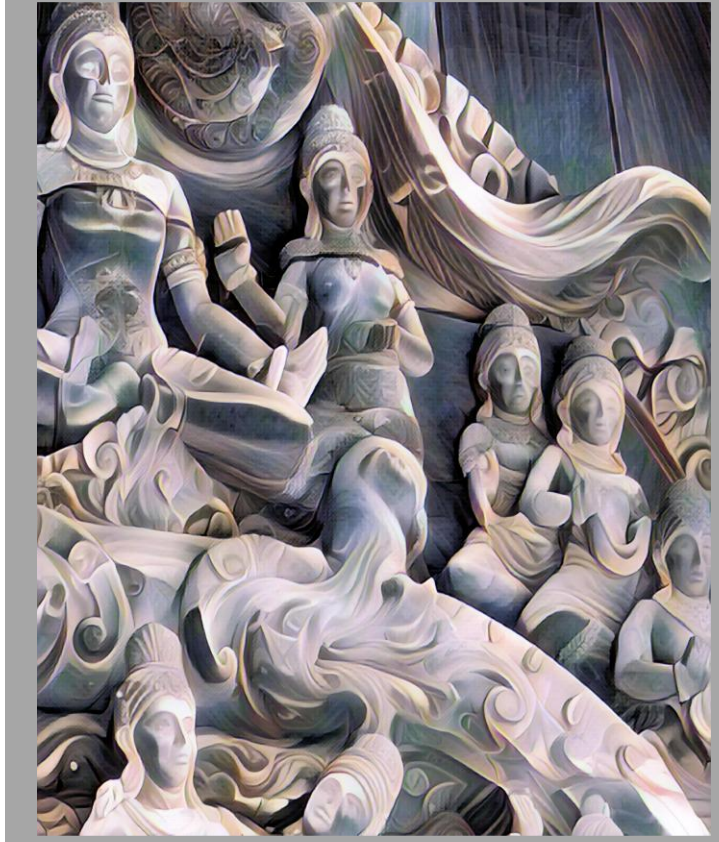


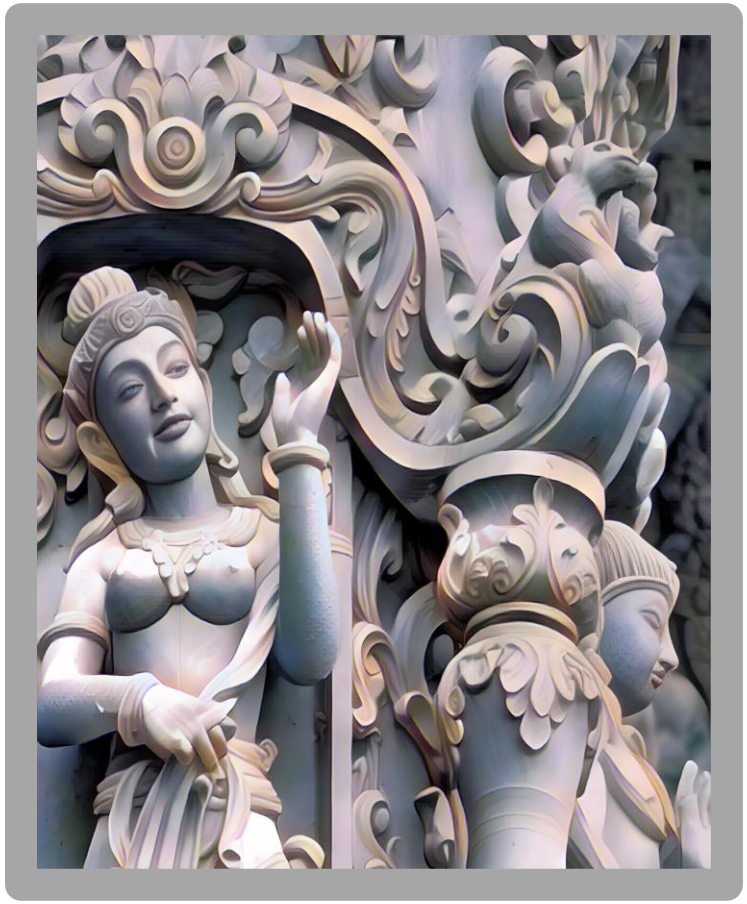


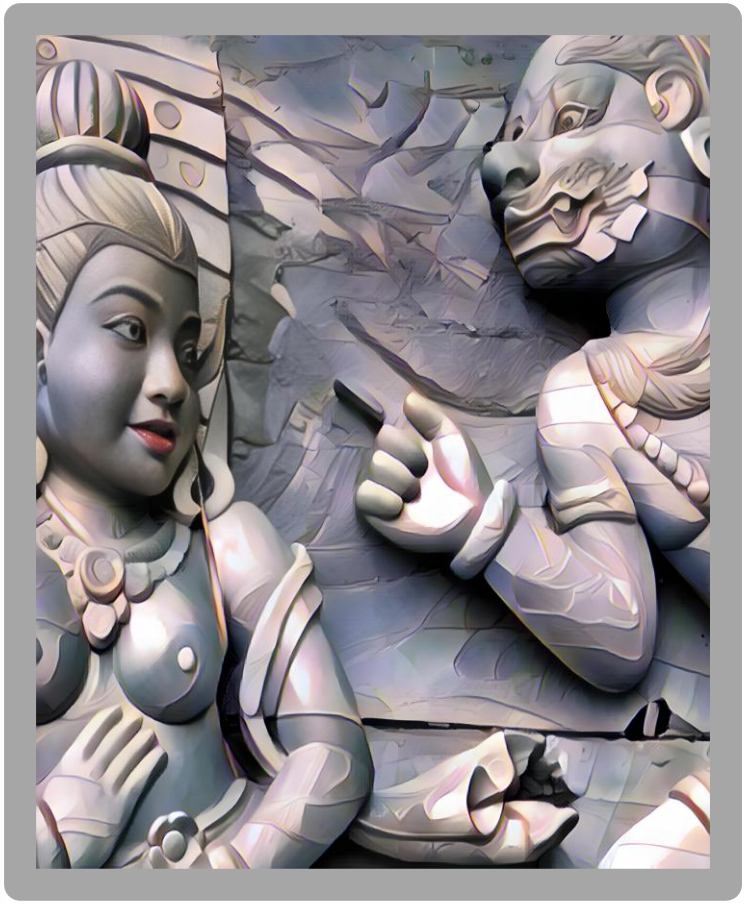


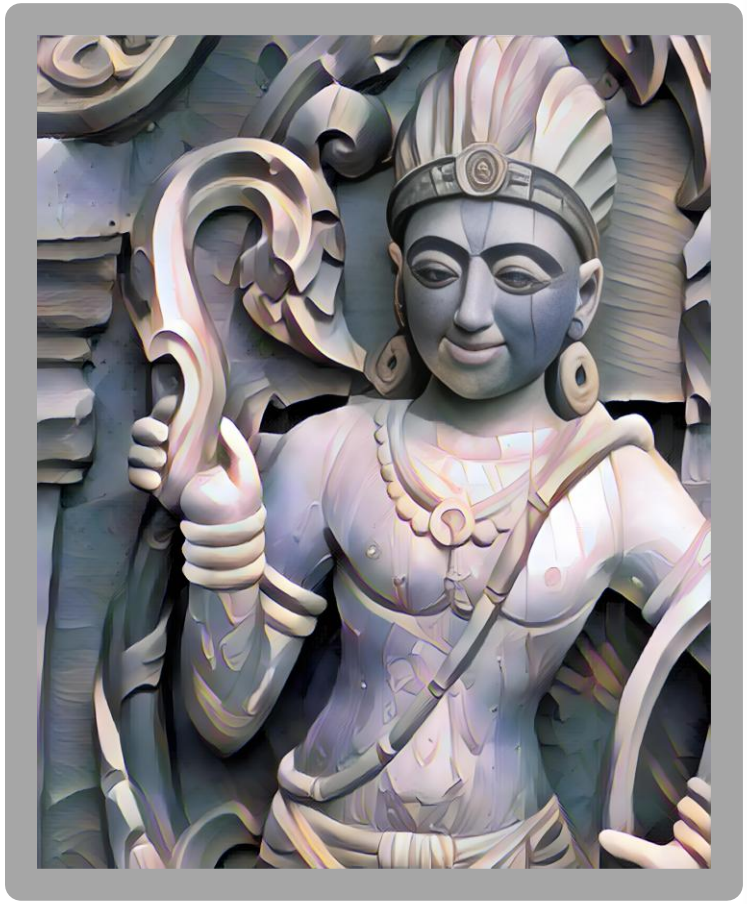


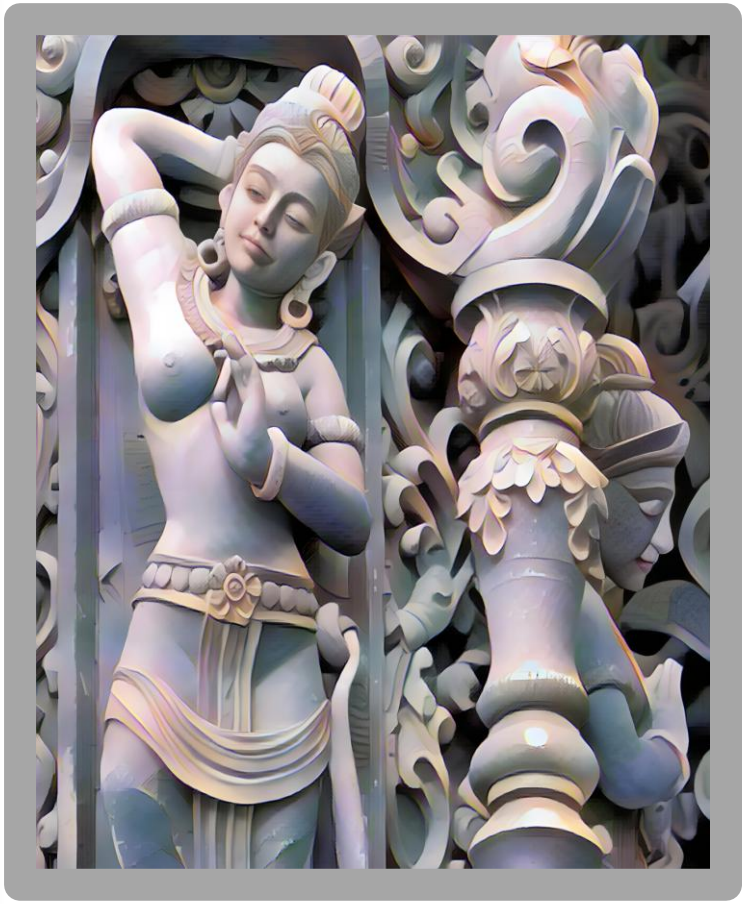


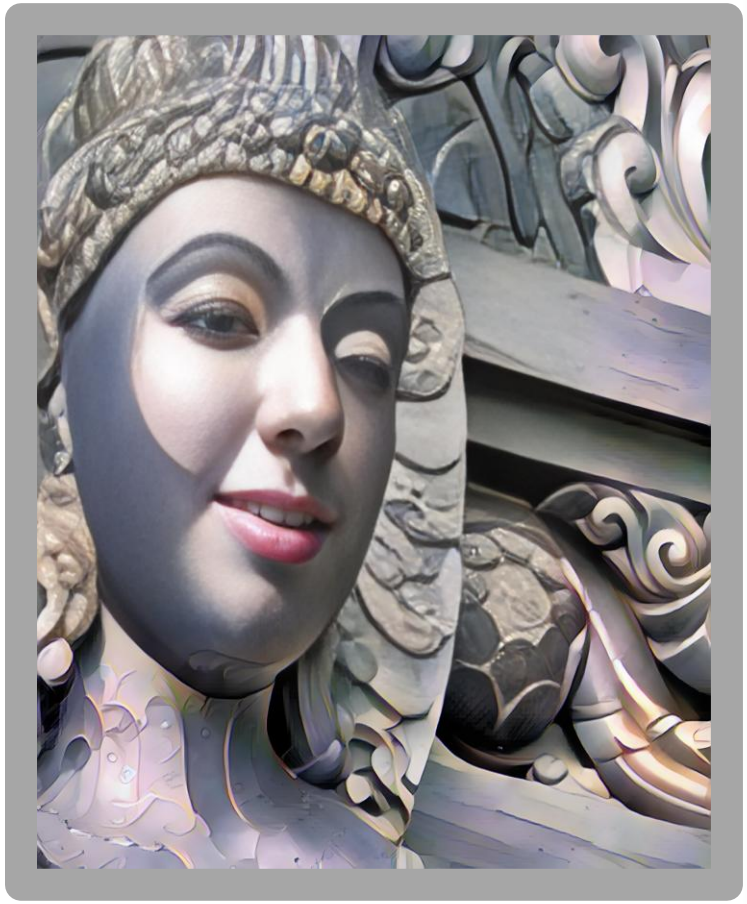


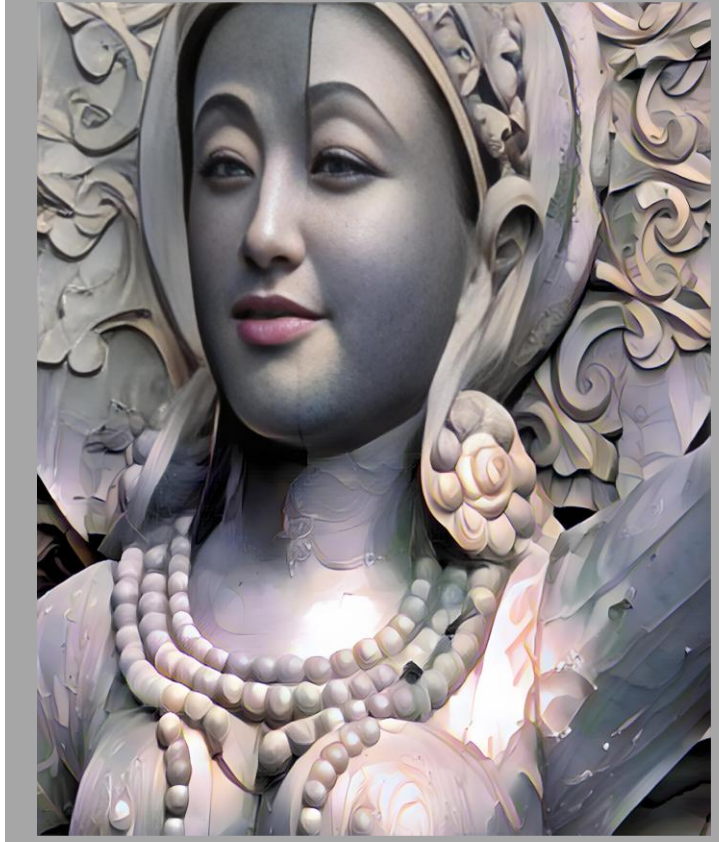


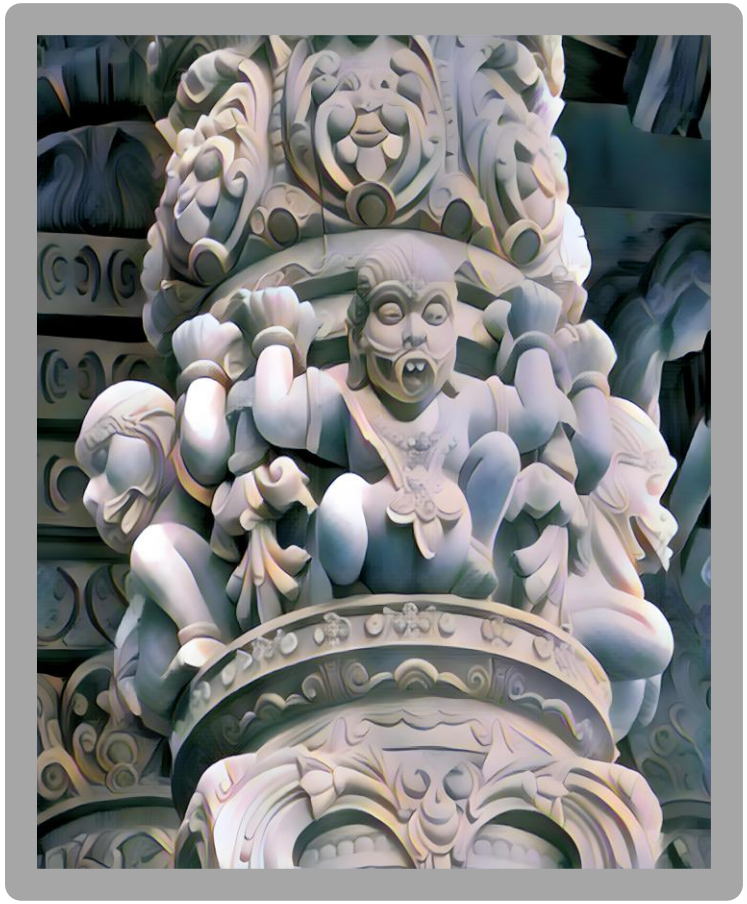


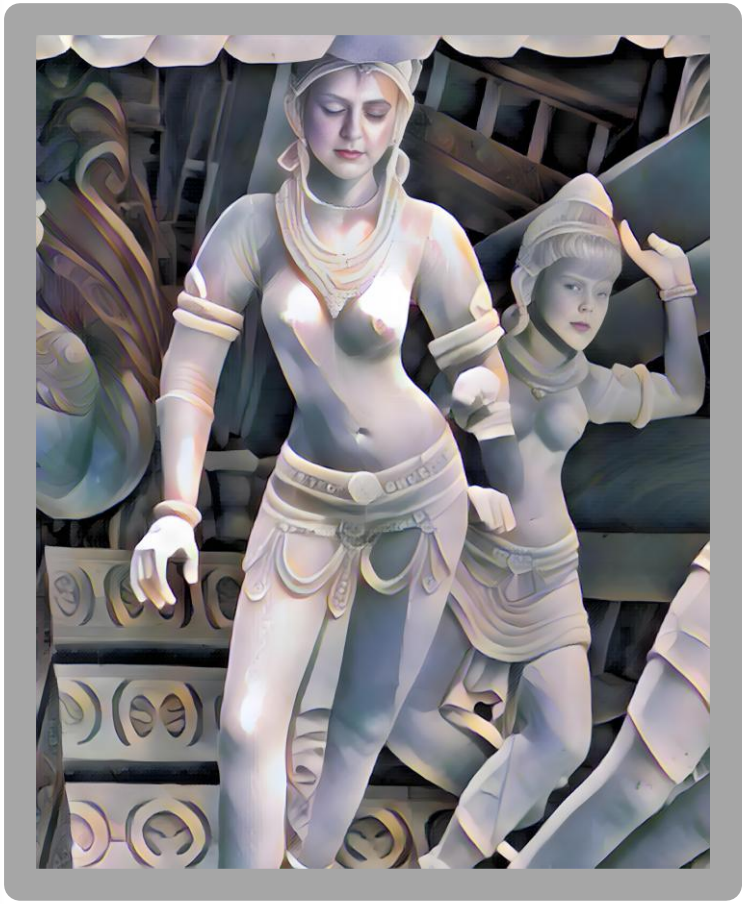


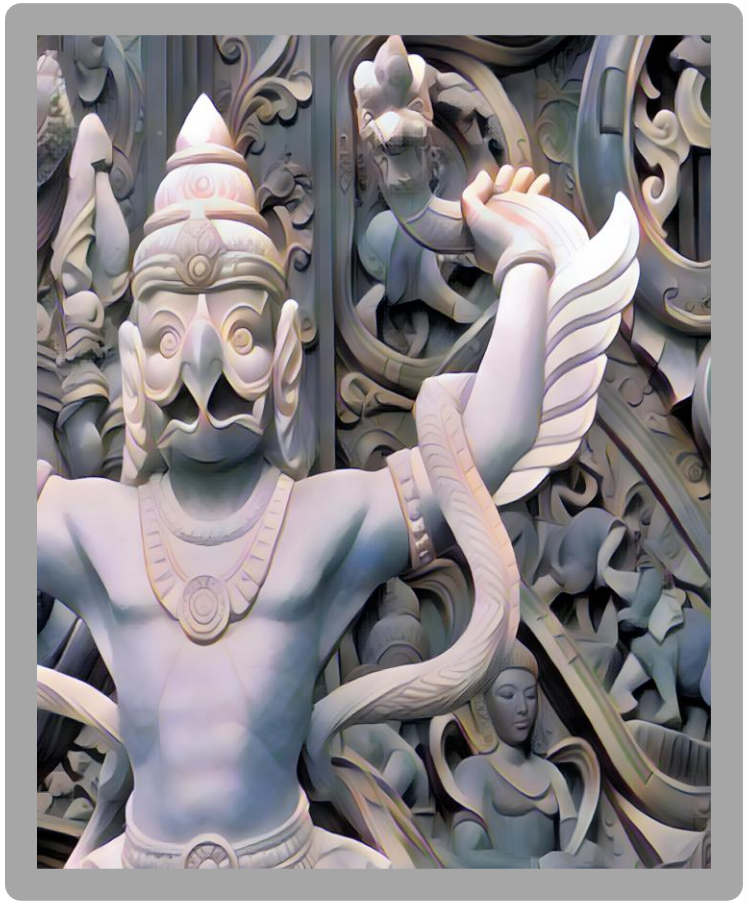


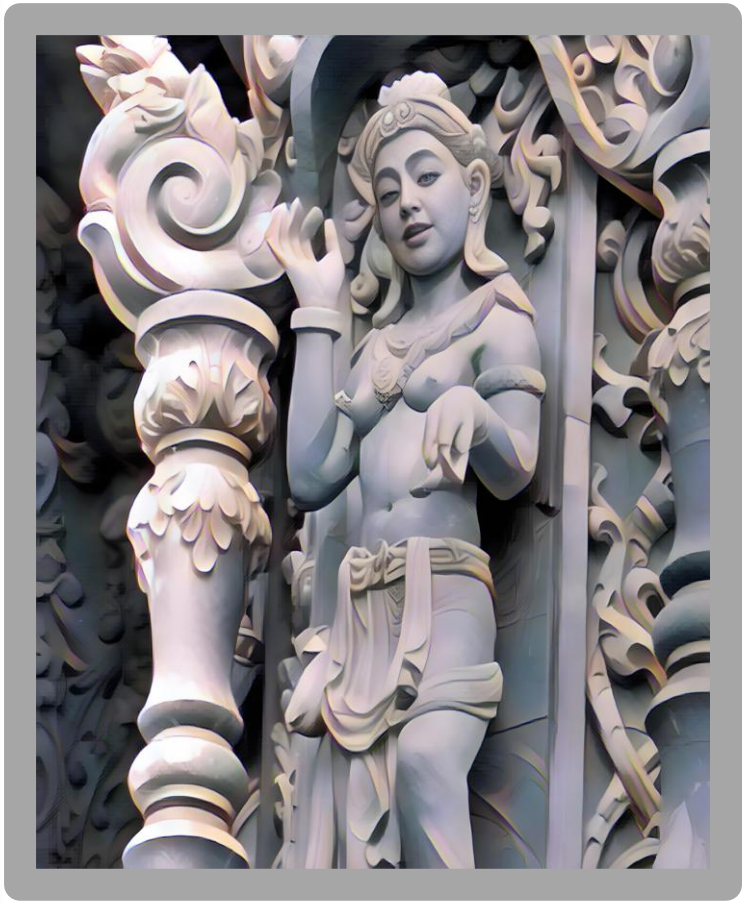


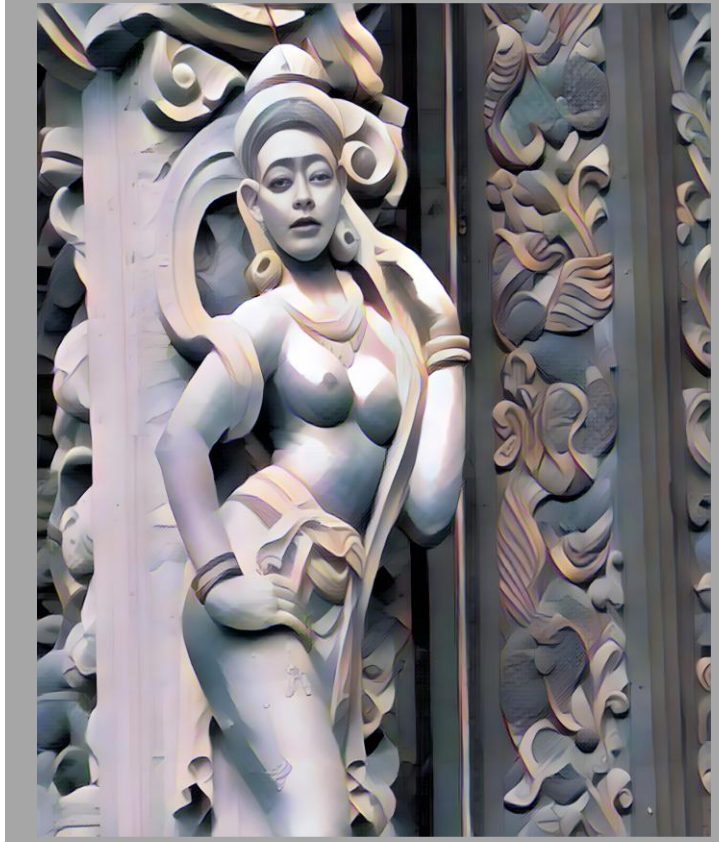


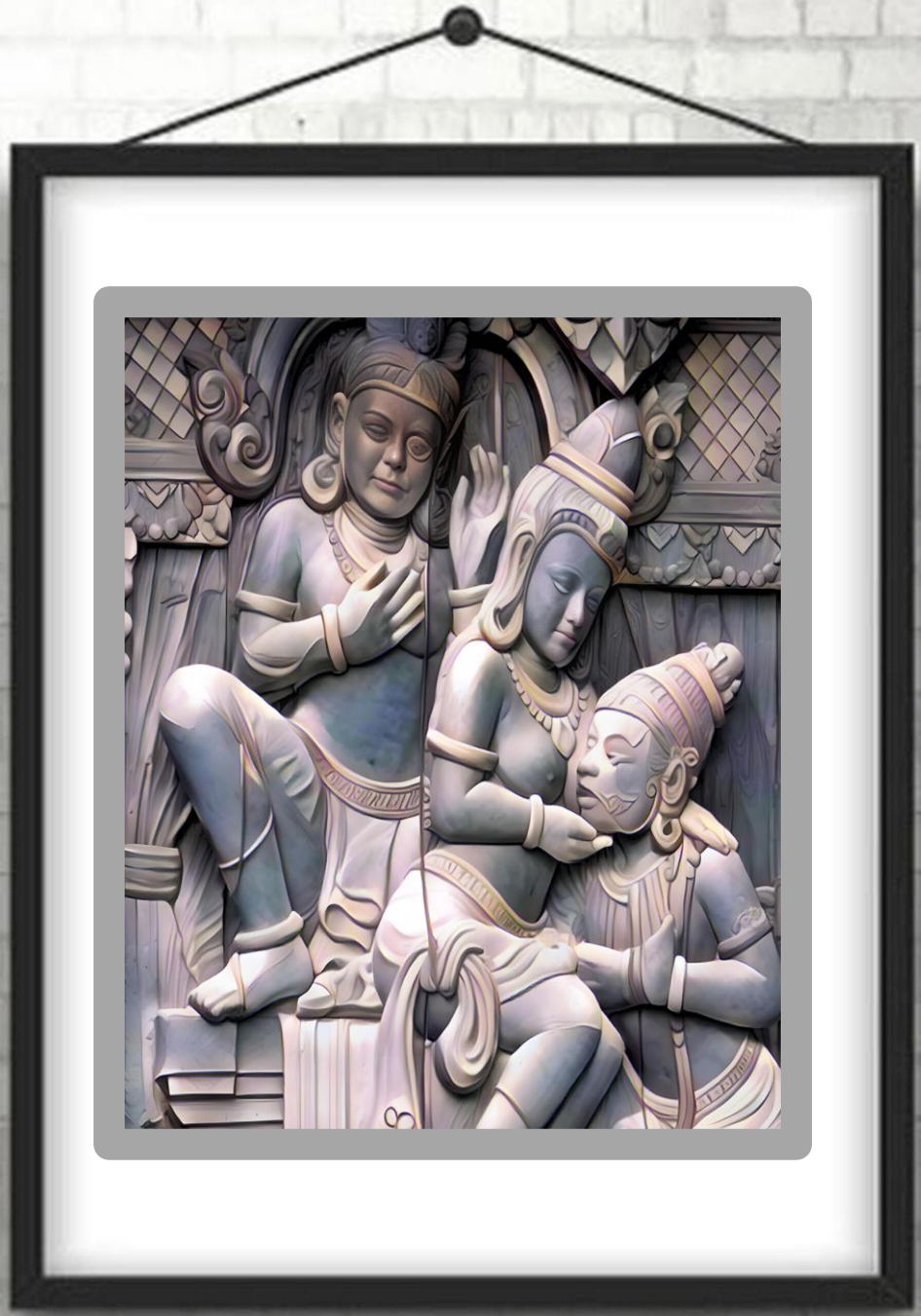


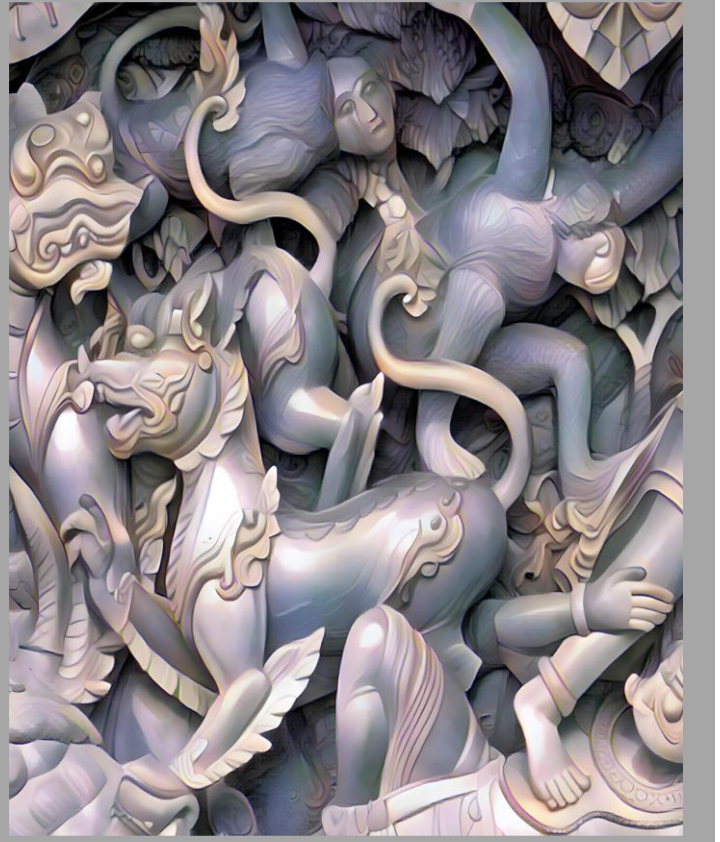


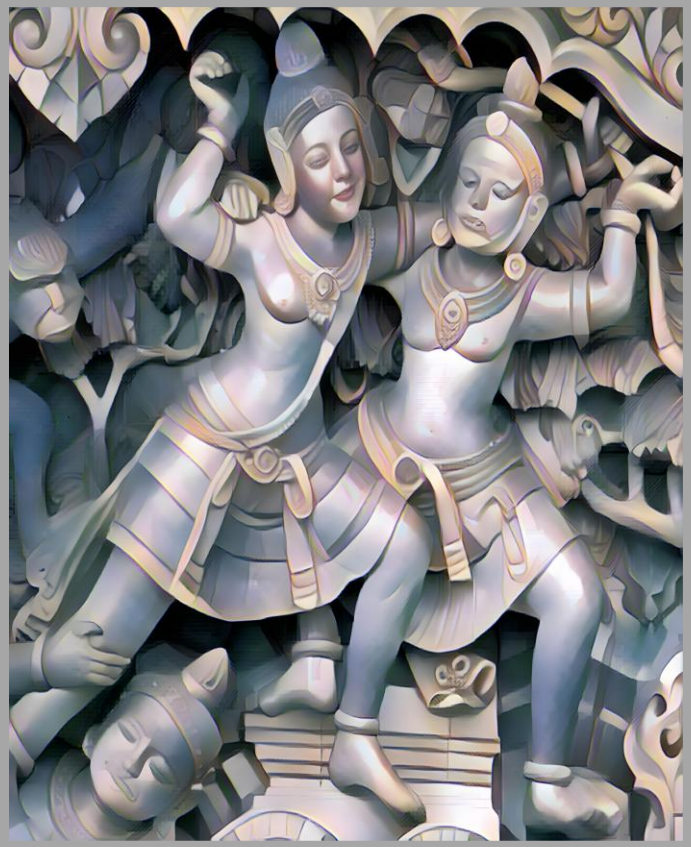


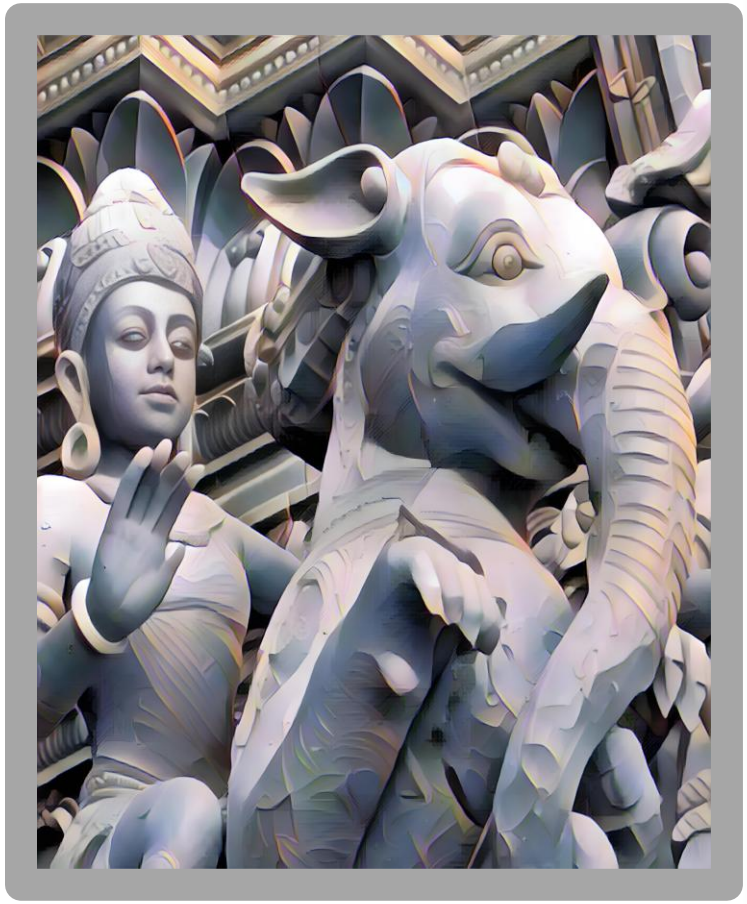


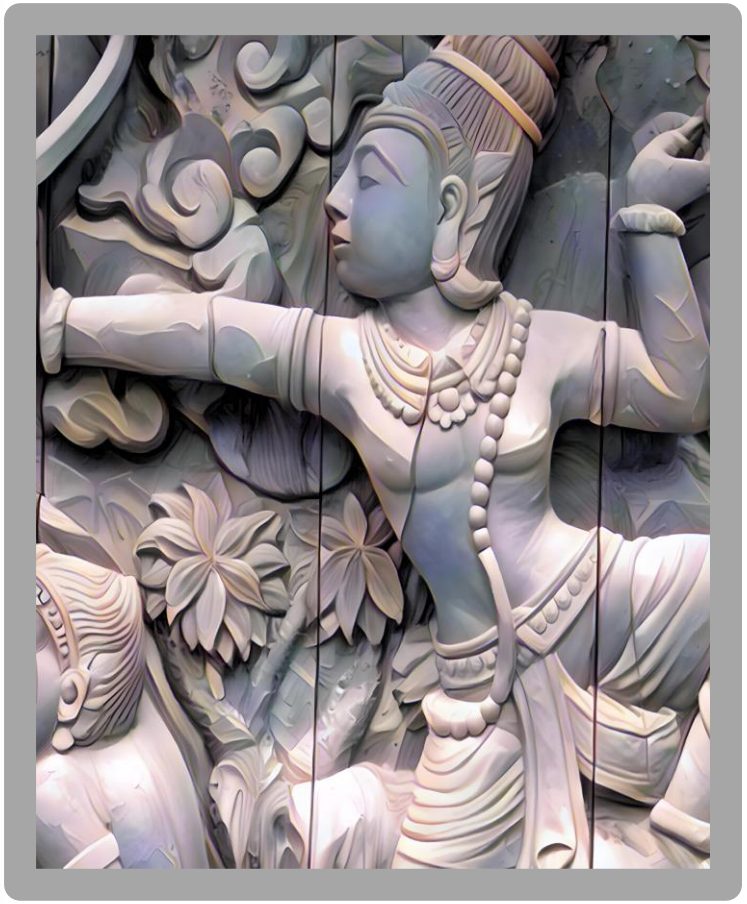


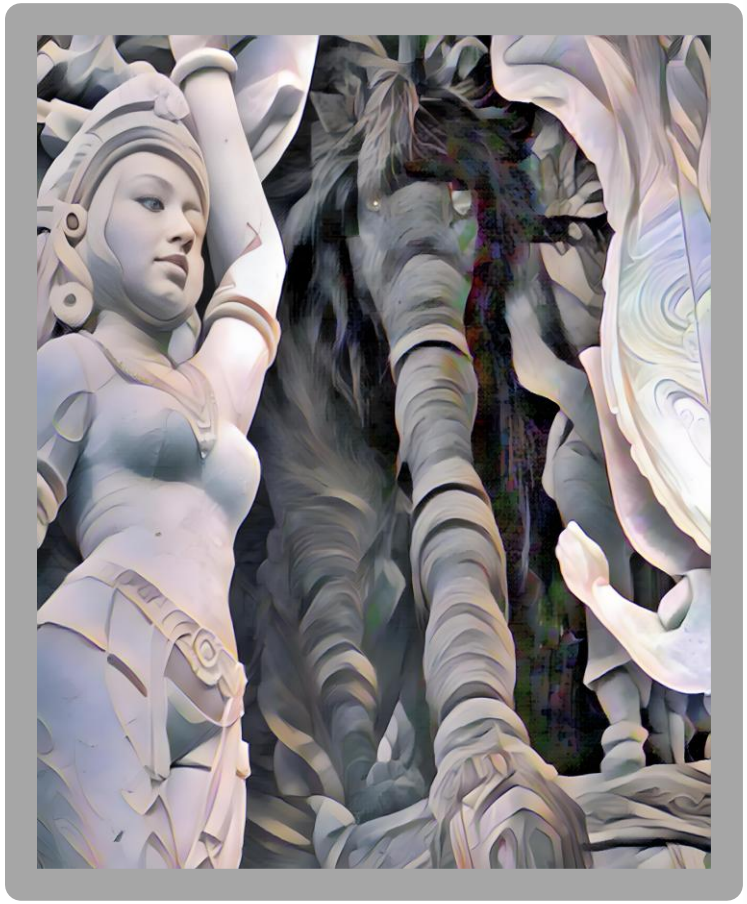


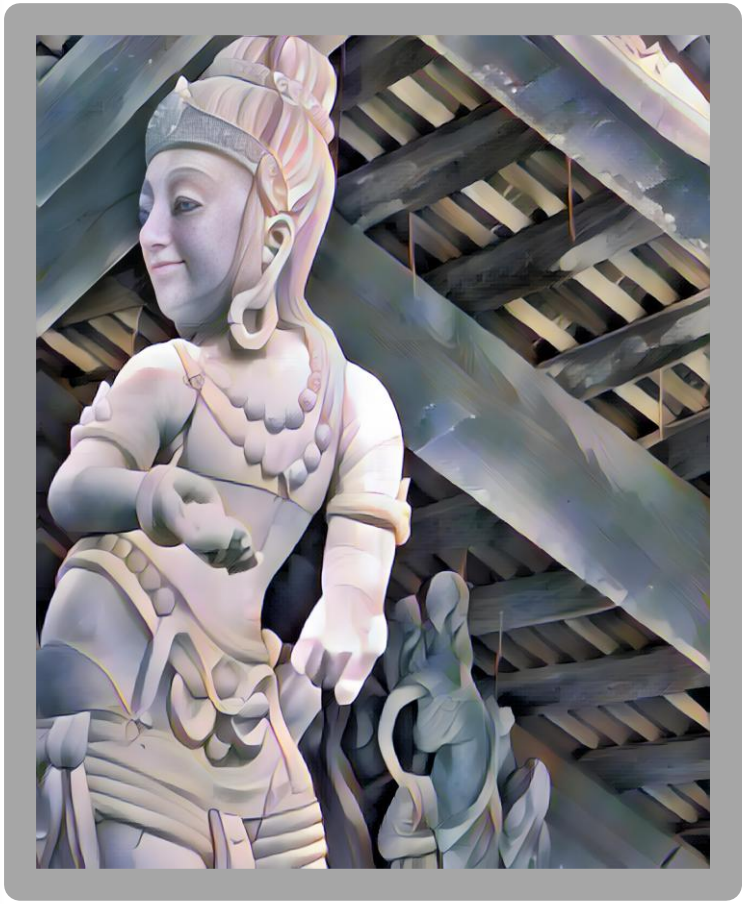


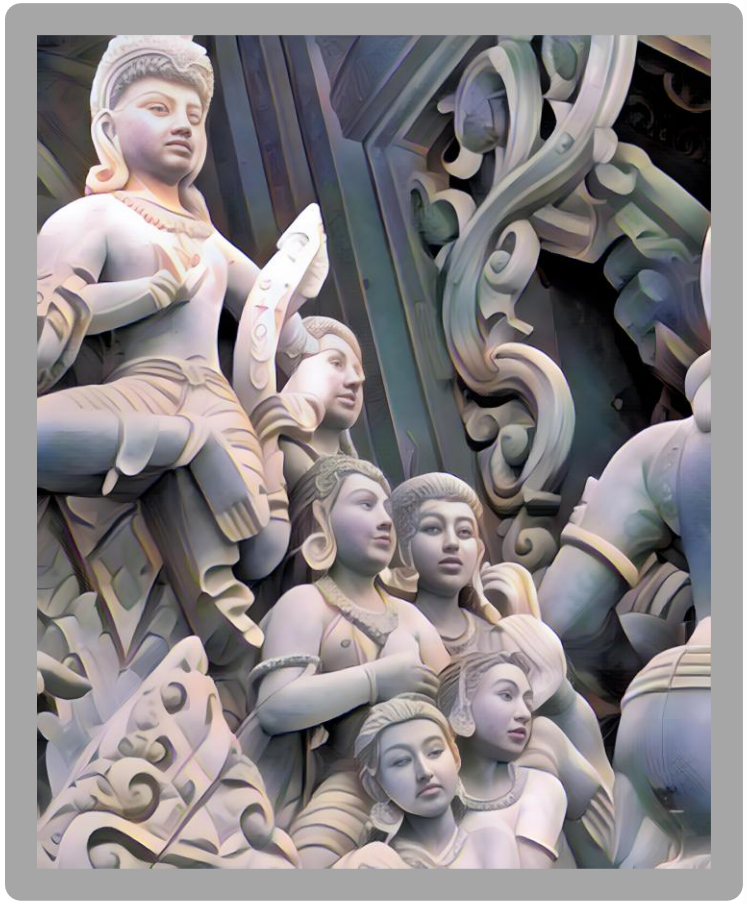


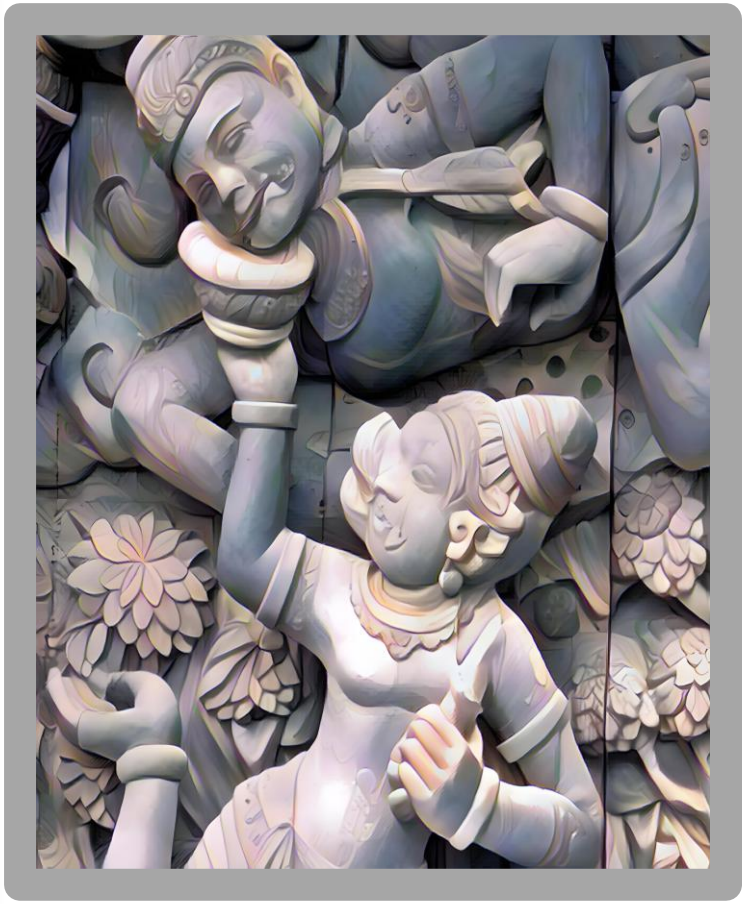


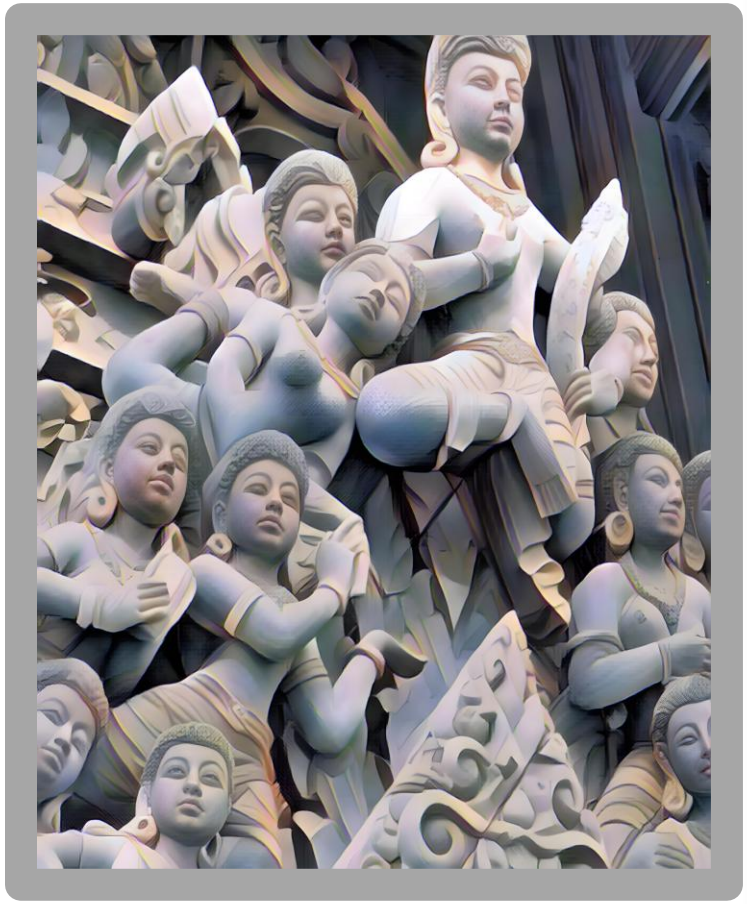


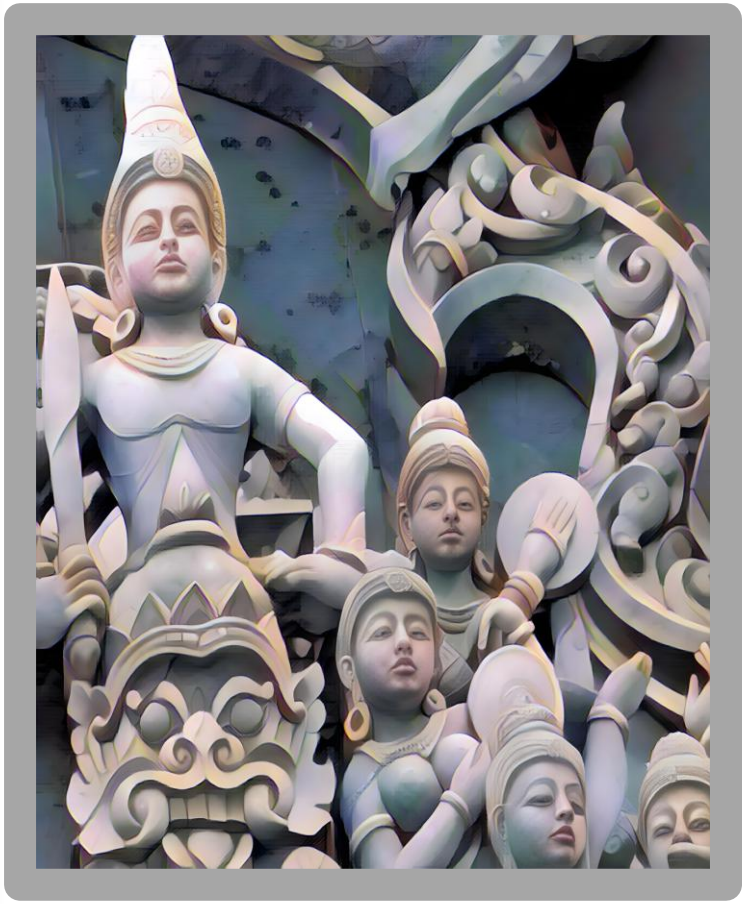


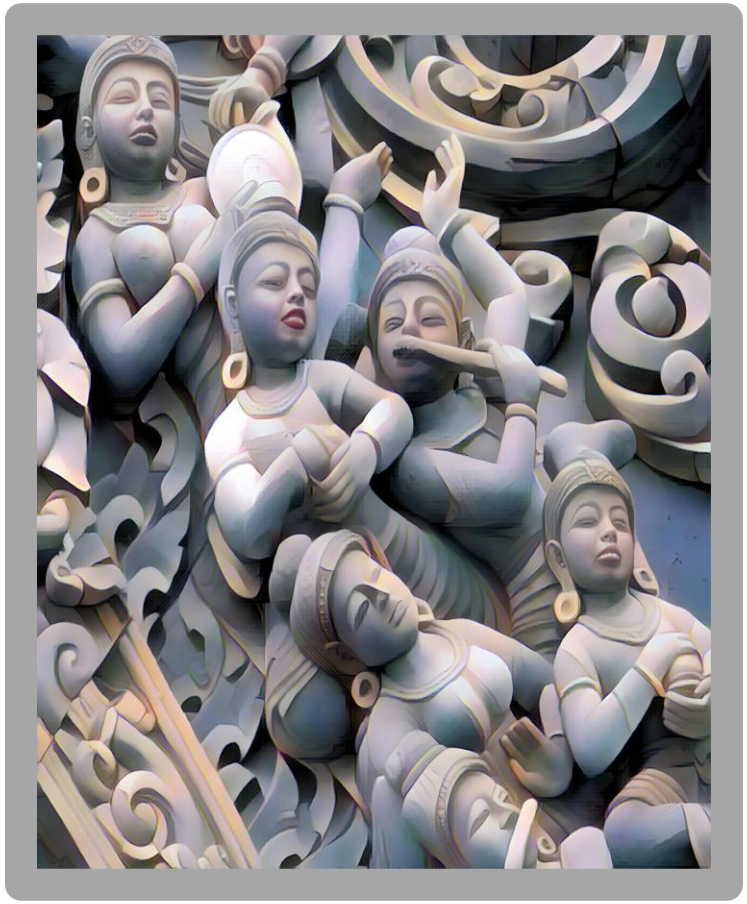


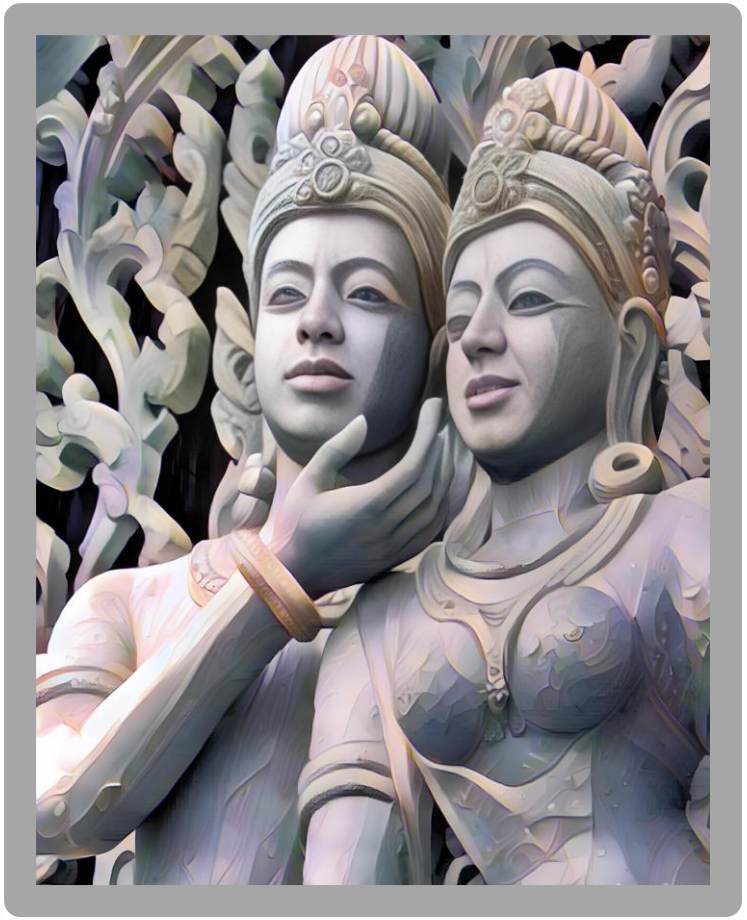


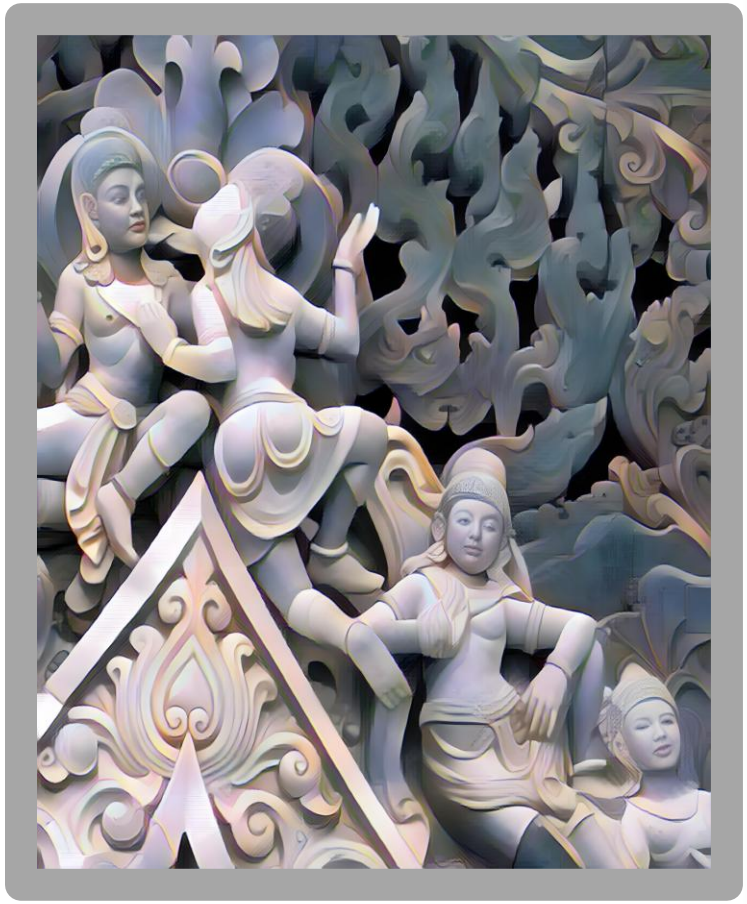


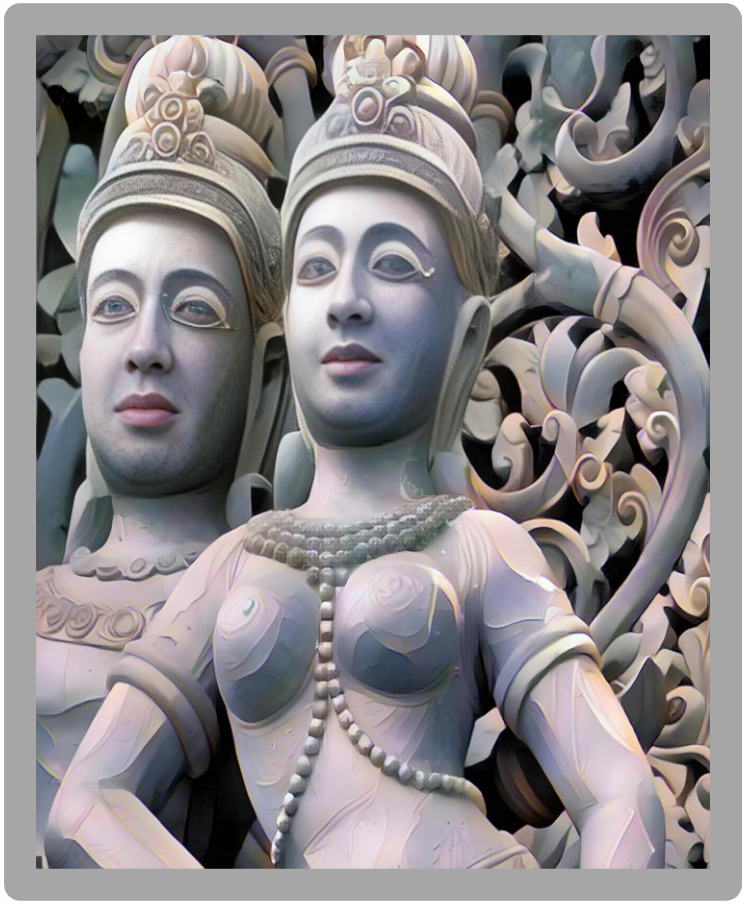


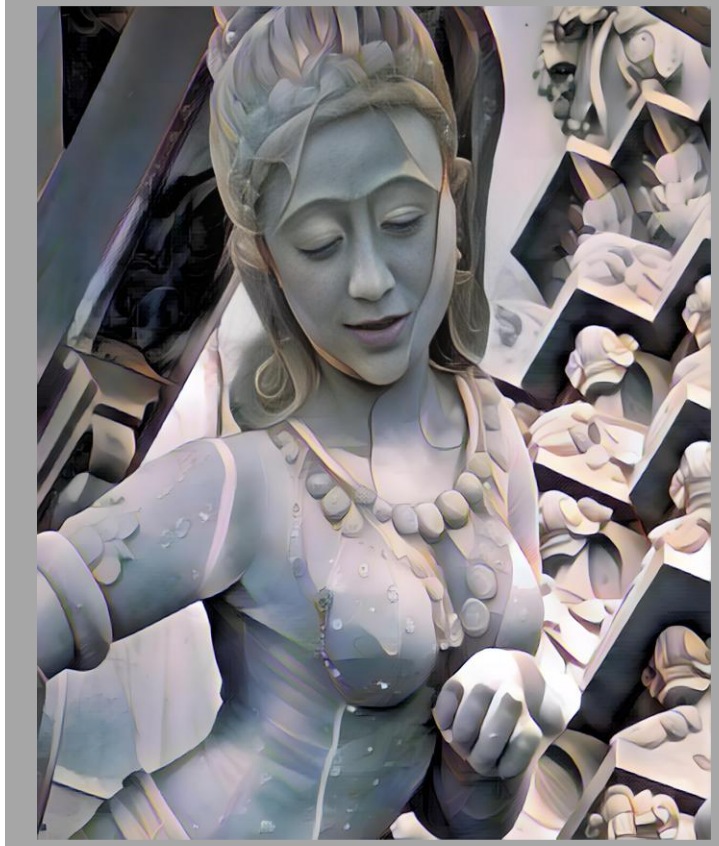


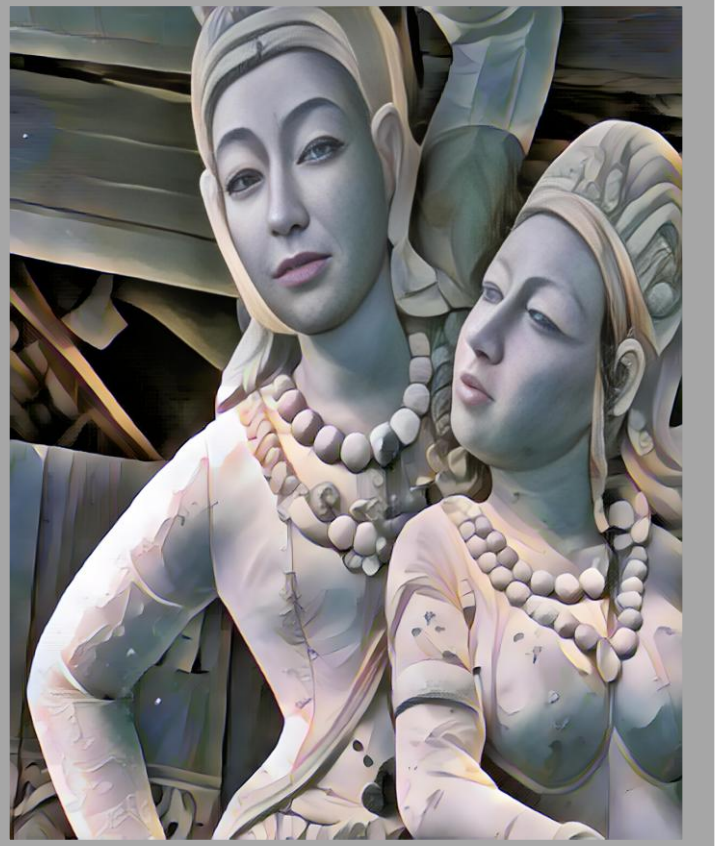


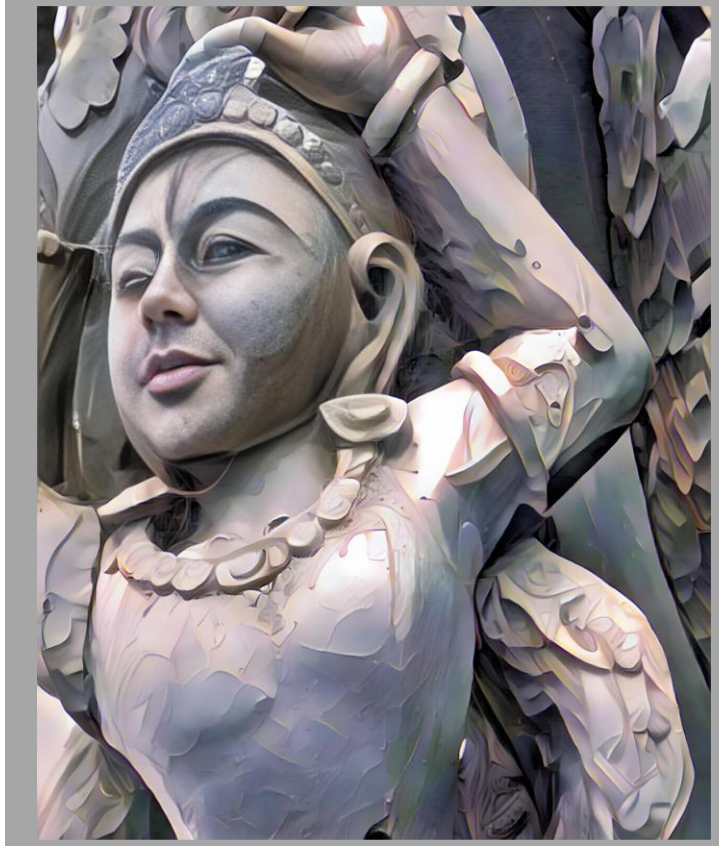


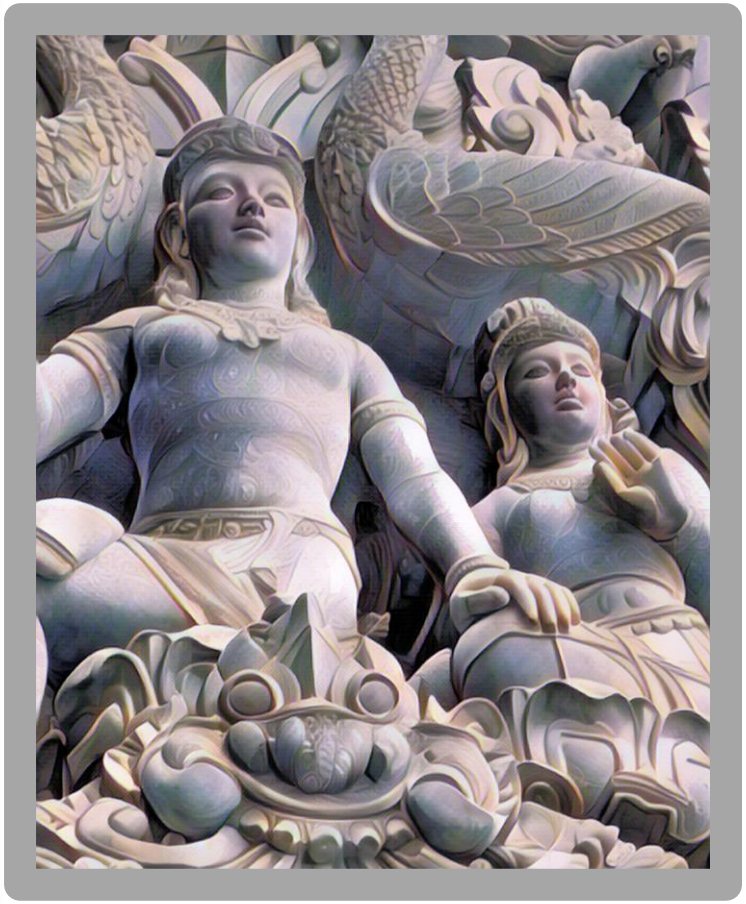


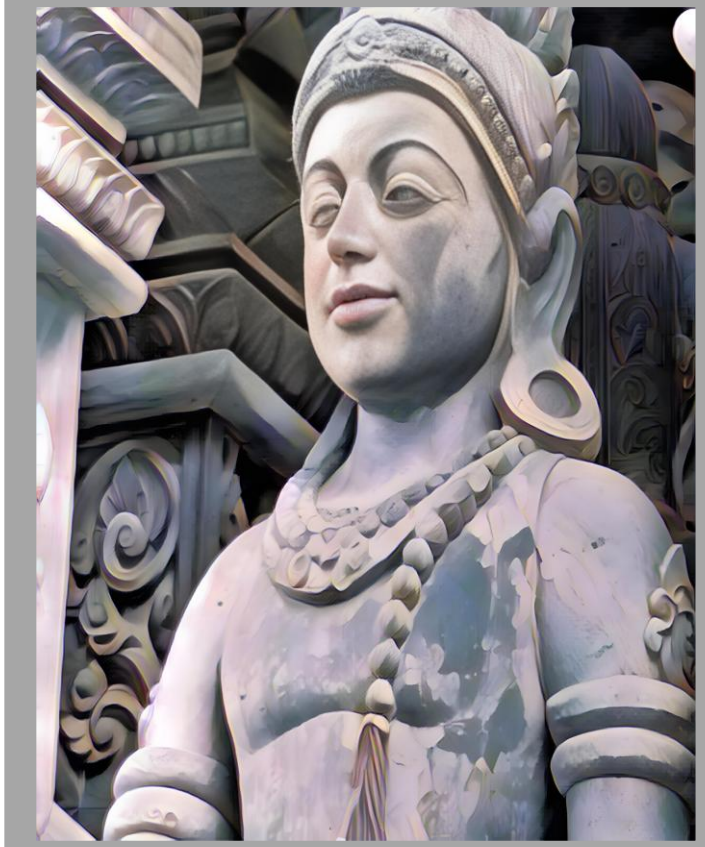


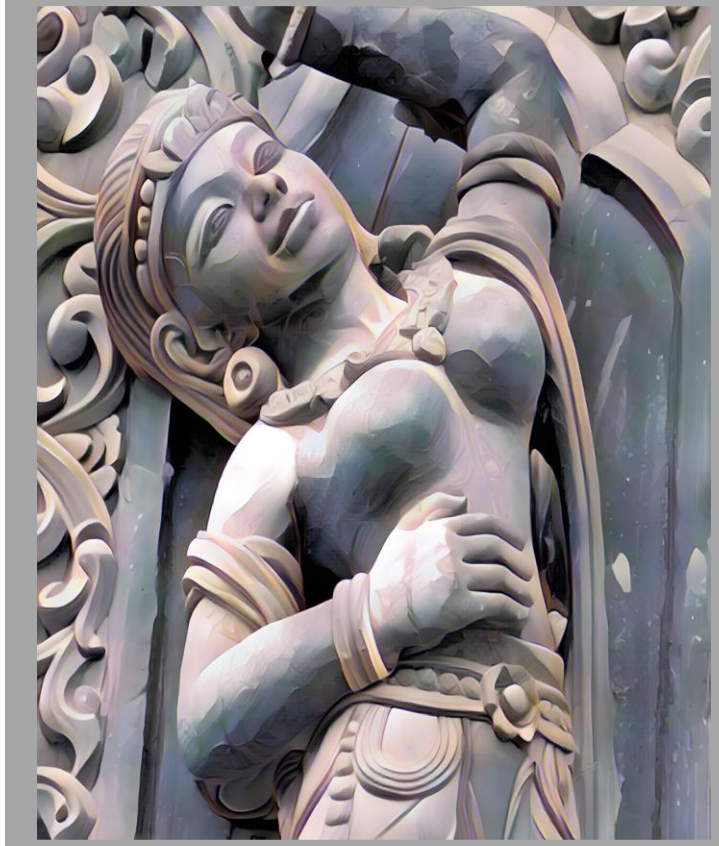


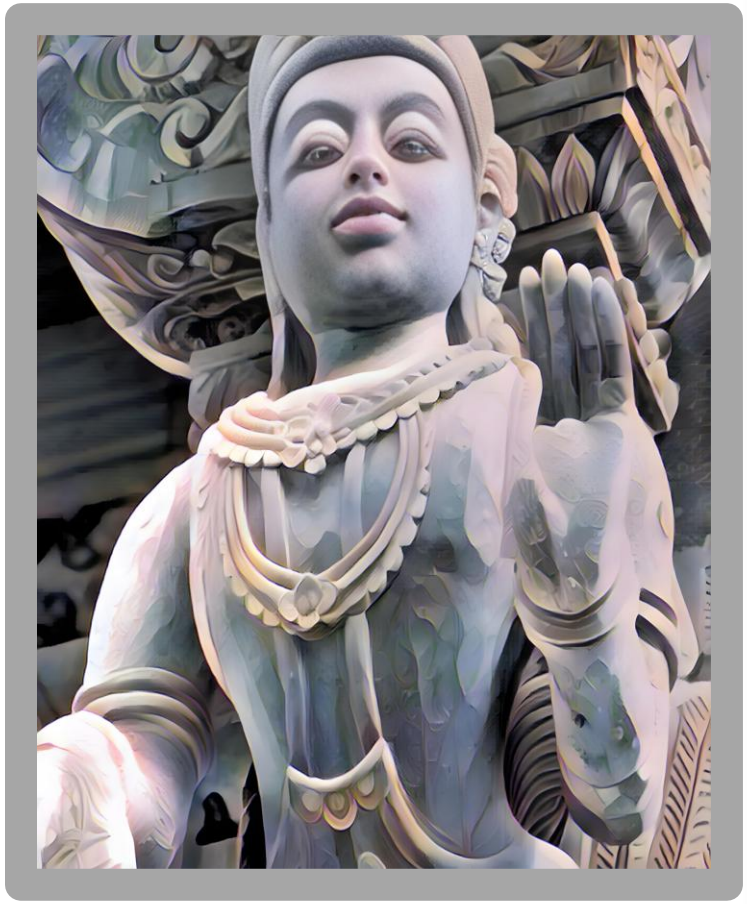


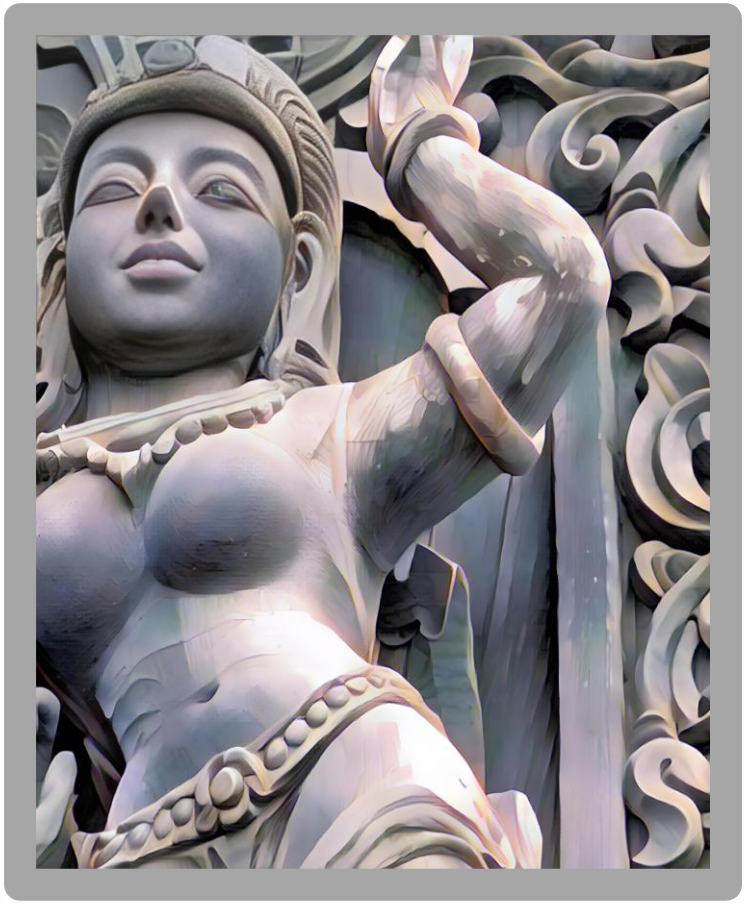


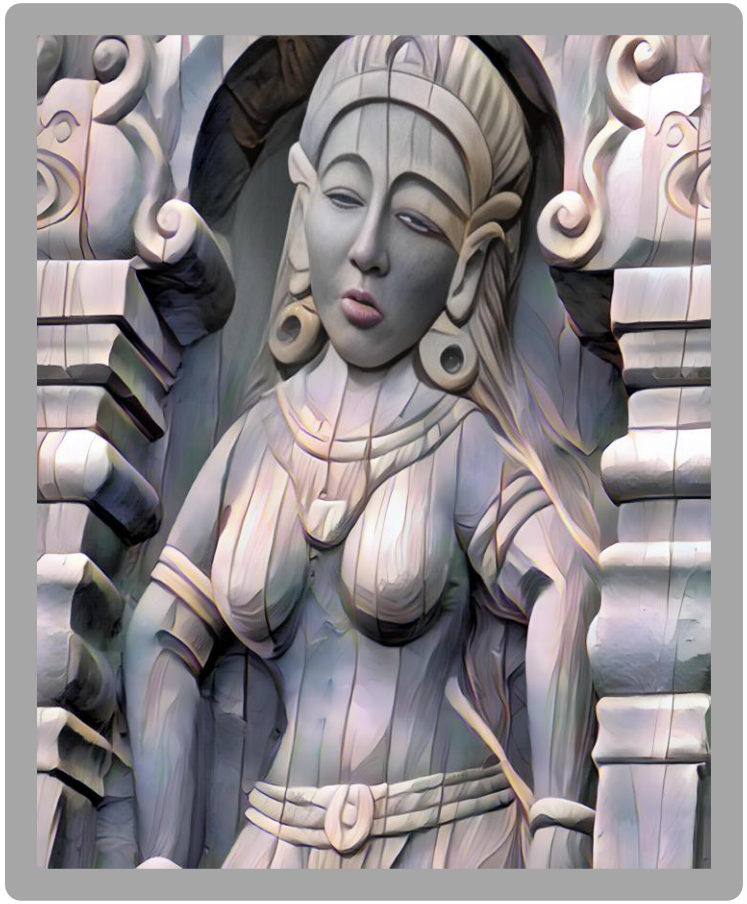


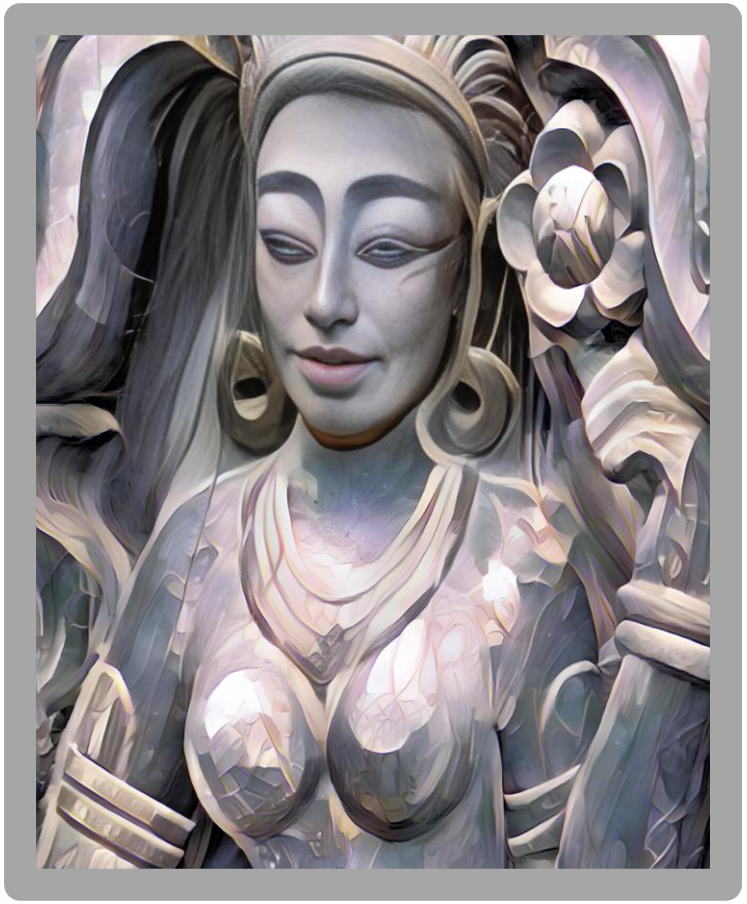


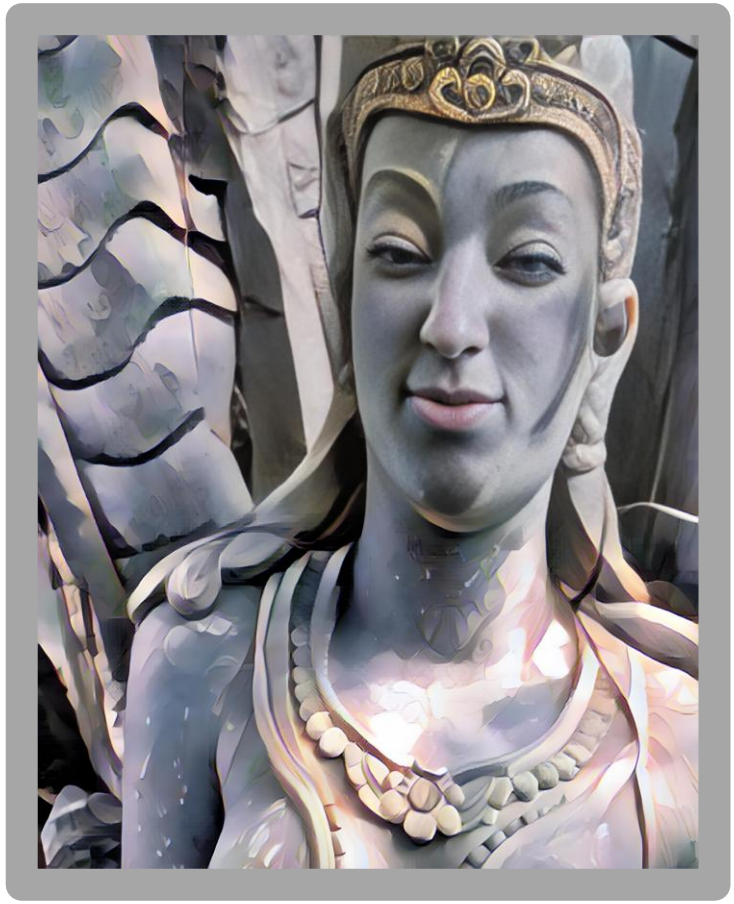


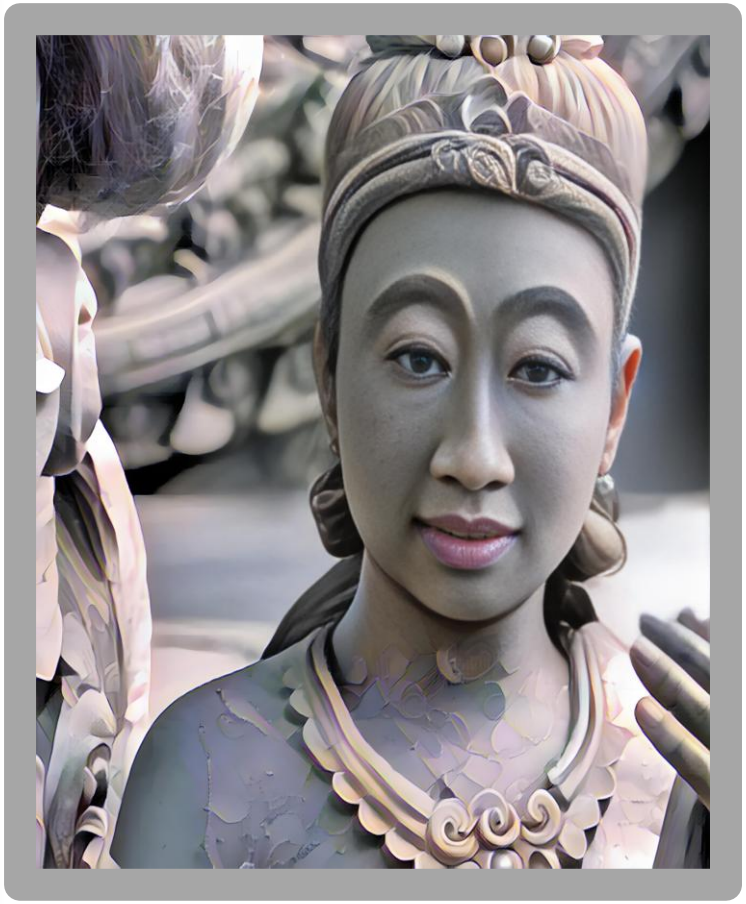


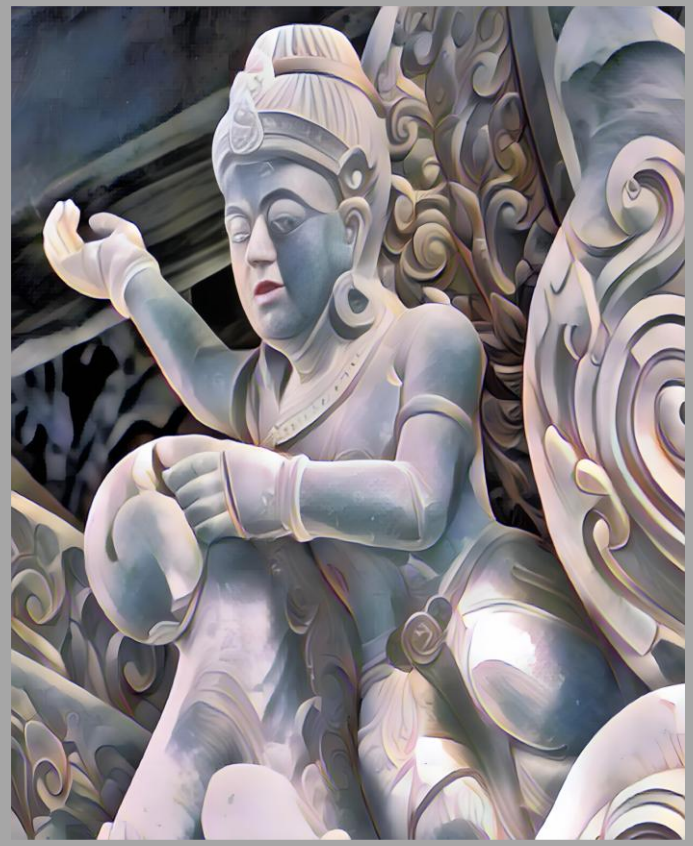












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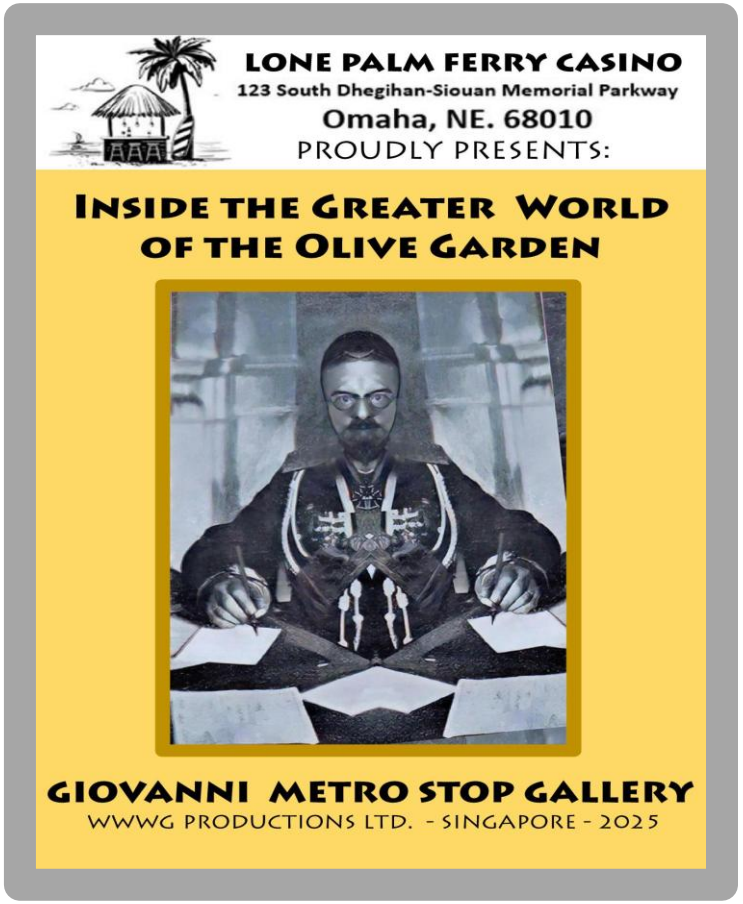
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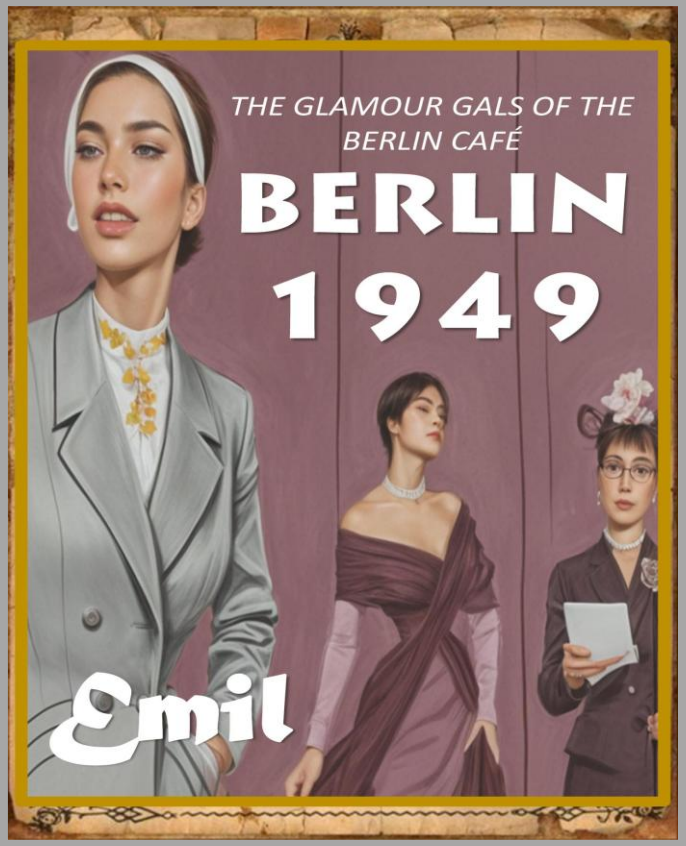

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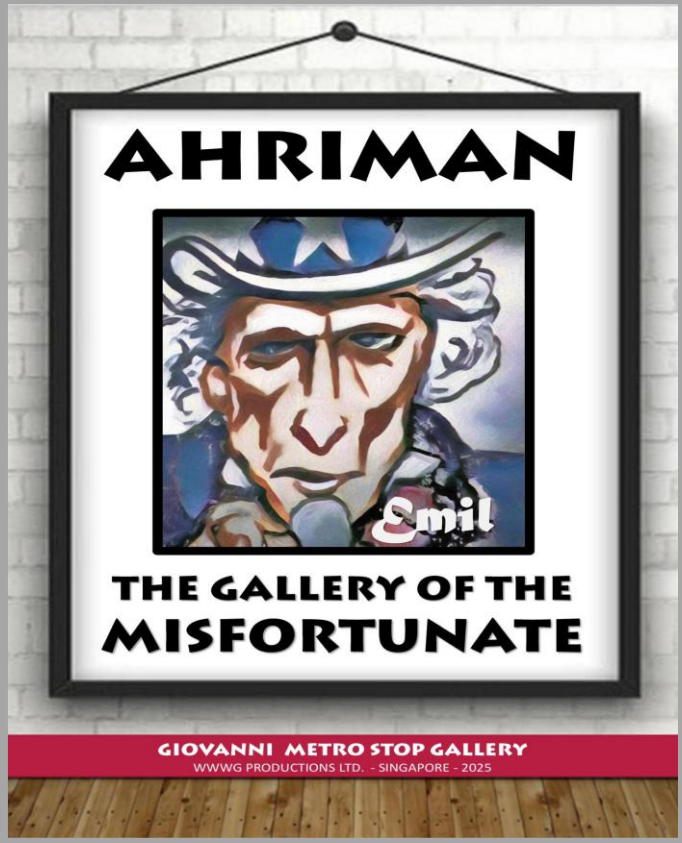
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